

The Outlook

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Caillaux's Failure

LIKE other wizards who profess, or are supposed, to be able to get something out of nothing, Caillaux has had his day.

In order to get Caillaux out of the Government the entire French Cabinet resigned early last week.

The provisional arrangement which Caillaux made with the United States proved so unacceptable in France that it was not even formally presented to the Parliament, but his failure in that respect was not the chief cause of his undoing. It was his proposal of measures for balancing the French Budget that finally brought about his loss of power as Minister of Finance. Whether out of power he will regain any of his lost prestige remains a question.

In the meantime the French Government is beset with very serious difficulties which can only be dealt with by heroic measures. It is commonly said that the French are lightly taxed and are paying huge sums for military purposes and for loans to their Allies, and that France could regain financial stability by levying larger taxes and by cutting off the expenses of her own armies and those of Poland and Czechoslovakia. The facts given in a recently published study, "The French Debt Problem," by H. G. Moulton and Cleona Lewis, a publication of the Institute of Economics, published by the Macmillan Company, disprove this. About one-fifth of the French people's income goes to the payment of taxes direct and indirect; and if the military expenses were reduced to a possible minimum, the problem would loom about as large as ever. It is the interest on the French internal debt that bears most heavily on the French Government. Not until that interest is reduced will France emerge from her difficulties.

In the meantime we in America should exercise patience with a people who are suffering from the consequences of an unjust and wanton invasion.

The Latest Balkan "War"

THE deplorable outbreak of hostilities on and near the border-line between Greece and Bulgaria parallels in some

points the Corfu incident of 1923. In that case the assassination of Italian members of a commission engaged in fixing the line between Greece and Albania provoked Italy into drastic action against Greece, culminating in the bombardment and occupation of the island of Corfu. Now, as then, harmless people were killed, and now, as then, the blow was struck without waiting for an appeal to the League of Nations.

In the Corfu case the League shifted the responsibility to the Council of Ambassadors, and the decision was accepted because it had behind it the force of the nations represented in that Council. In the trouble on the Bulgarian border the League acted promptly. Its Council,

summoned hastily to Paris, directed Greece and Bulgaria (both members of the League) to withdraw all troops beyond their own borders within sixty hours and to signify their compliance at once. The compulsive force for this order is found in the attitude of enforcement taken by England and France, and particularly in the belief that England will use its warships if necessary. Thus again it appears that League intervention against actual war depends on the will of powerful nations dominating the League's Council.

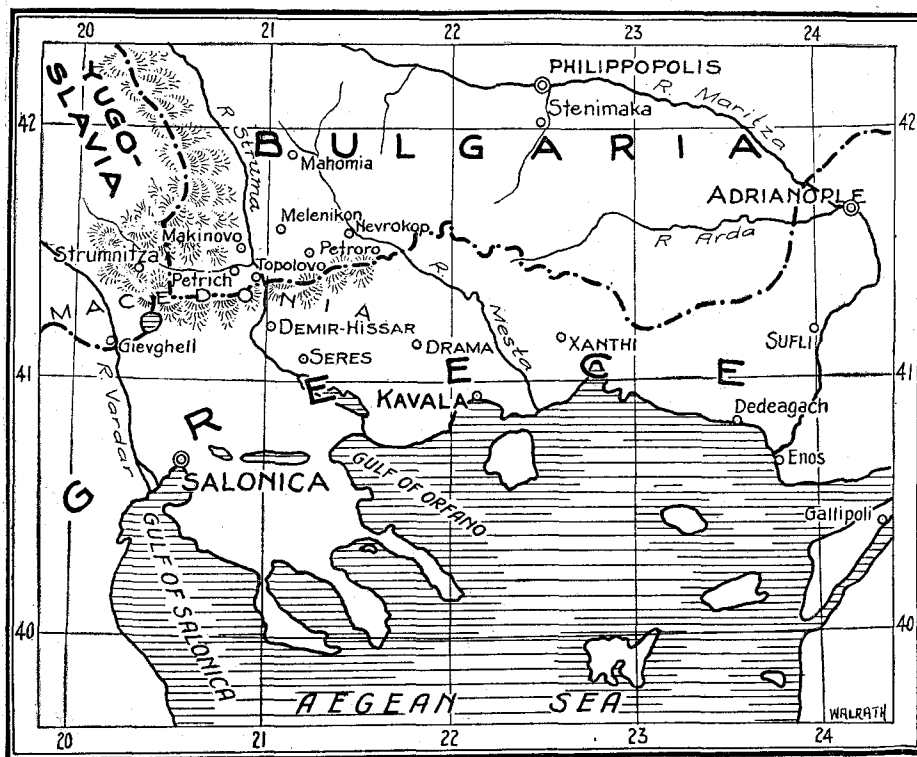
The exact and direct cause of this outbreak of war is in dispute. Greek reports say that on October 19 Greek soldiers were killed by Bulgarian irregu-

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune



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An unattached fuse, this time?



Courtesy of the New York "Times"

Scene of the Greek-Bulgarian clash. A Greek corps, sent across the border to attack Petrich, has been halted, while the Bulgarians have denied occupying any positions on Greek soil

lar forces; Bulgaria asserts that one Greek soldier was shot on Bulgarian soil after he had attacked a Bulgarian sentinel. Whatever the provocation, Greece at once moved infantry, artillery, and air forces against the Bulgarian frontier, bombarded and occupied the town of Petrich, burned villages, and (so Bulgaria says) put three divisions of its army on or over the border-line. The countryside roads were filled with fleeing refugees, and the terror and suffering of innocent non-combatants were great. Whether Bulgaria has occupied any Greek territory or not is in dispute; she strenuously denied it before the League Council.

The region, in what was originally Macedonia, thus devastated has undoubtedly been a hotbed of unrest and semi-political brigandage. This is often the case when new boundaries are established, as was done here after the war. It was a danger spot where prevention of hostilities and security of conditions were needed. They were not provided by joint action of the two countries responsible, and could not be afforded by such an agency as the League of Nations, whose power, so far as it goes, is practically *ex post facto*.

With all due credit to the League for its prompt action, it has not prevented this little war, and has stopped it (if it

is stopped) only by threats of force, not from the League, but from individual, interested nations. It is even a not unpalatable theory that Greece would never have entered into the attack upon Bulgaria if the League had not been in existence, for Greece would then have faced a war combination of Balkan nations, whereas now her League membership gives her the chance to withdraw safely after striking a savage blow. Surmises as to what would have happened if the League had not been in existence are rather futile; but for the surmise that there might have been a general European war there seems no ground whatever.

Planning Tax Reduction

THE Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives is hard at work in an effort to have a tax reduction bill ready for presentation to the House on the day that Congress convenes, but difficulties have piled up. The Treasury plan, which in a sense takes the place of what was known at the last session as the Mellon plan, will probably become the Committee plan. But the Treasury plan has been changed three times since it was first presented to the Committee by Secretary Mellon, and in neither of its three forms does it quite agree with what Secretary Mellon ap-

parently favored in his letter to Senator Edge. In that letter he said that the tax on incomes under \$5,000 "is already so small as to be no burden on the taxpayer." The plan which the Secretary first presented to the Committee, however, provided for a reduction of the rate on those incomes, and each of the revisions later submitted provided for even more reduction on small incomes.

Apparently, the first plan submitted embodied largely Secretary Mellon's personal judgment. The other two plans were worked out by the Actuary of the Treasury as alternative bases. The rates called for in the estimate which Secretary Mellon apparently thinks is best are one per cent on the first three thousand dollars of taxable income, two per cent on the next one thousand, three per cent on the next four thousand, and five per cent thereafter. Secretary Mellon was careful to explain, however, that this is not a hard and fast Treasury policy, but a suggestion.

The plan presented by Representative Garner, the ranking Democratic member of the Committee, would exempt incomes of married men up to \$5,000 and of single men up to \$3,500. It would fix the maximum surtax rate at 25 per cent, while the Treasury plan would fix it at 20 per cent. The Garner plan would wipe out all the so-called nuisance taxes, while the Treasury plan would slightly modify them. The Garner plan would reduce the total of taxes to be paid by about \$450,000,000 and the Treasury plan by about \$250,000,000.

Wiping Out the National Debt

AT the outset the appearance was that Garner had submitted a plan for reduction of taxes at the bottom and the Treasury a plan for reduction at the top. This difference has become less striking, however, as the Treasury plan has been progressively modified.

The fight between the Administration forces and the opposition, which of course is made up mainly of the Democrats, will be waged not so much along the line of rates as on the point of the fiscal policy under which reductions are to be made. The Administration will defend the present policy of retiring the National debt in twenty-five years, while the Democrats will insist upon a retirement period of at least fifty years. The surplus available for tax reduction would be decidedly larger under the fifty-year

Yare, lower, lower!

(The Tempest, Act I, Scene 1)

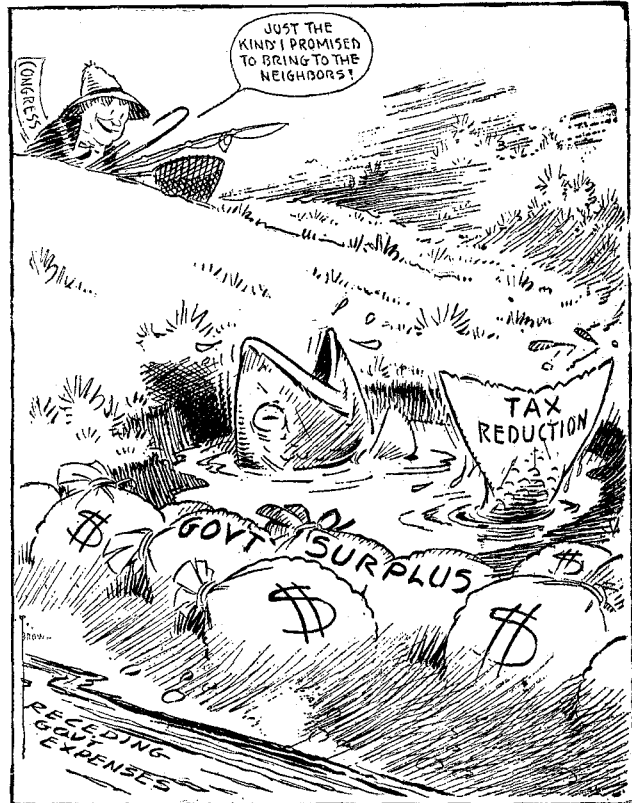
Dorman H. Smith in the Tulsa (Oklahoma) Tribune



A good job as far as it goes

From C. H. Harris, Seminole, Okla.

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune



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Already caught for him

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Rollin Kirby in the New York World



A pleasant sound

From W. E. Shafer, New York, N. Y.

Brown in the New York Herald Tribune



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How to satisfy every one

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

policy, and greater reductions could be affected at this time.

There will be hard fighting, too, over the question whether small incomes shall or shall not be exempted from taxation. If there is not to be out-and-out exemption, the Democrats will probably have no violent quarrel with the rates on small incomes proposed by the Treasury. Some regular Republicans, it is to be noted, agree with the Democrats as to exemption.

Considerable gall has already been injected into the contest, and the bitterness will probably increase. The Democrats charge that the Republicans are playing politics, that they know a larger reduction than the Treasury proposes is feasible, and that they mean to make it; but that they intend to hold the larger part of it back until the next session of Congress, and then put it through just in time to help the Republican cause in the Presidential and Congressional elections of 1928. This is vigorously denied *in toto* by the Republicans.

A good deal of all feeling has been aroused, too, by the numerous tax clubs that have come to Washington from various sections of the country and presented their pet views at sumptuous banquets.

One fight in which the party lines will not be at all closely drawn is that over repeal of the estate tax clause. Most of the Southern Democrats are in accord with Secretary Mellon in demanding repeal. Other advocates of ultimate repeal favor having the tax withdrawn gradually during a period of seven years, in order to give the States a chance to equalize their estate tax laws.

Economy that Hurts

THE housing conditions in the American Army, according to all indications, have reached an unbearable state. The old cantonment buildings, the temporary wooden shacks of war days with their beaver-board partitions, airy roofs, and shaky walls, are still the only available quarters for thousands of American troops. In some posts—at Fort Benning, for instance—two-thirds of the men in one infantry regiment are under canvas throughout the year. At Governor's Island, Mitchel Field, and Fort Schuyler, in the immediate vicinity of New York City, soldiers live in dilapidated structures with no permanent buildings to protect them from the cold. Fort Howard, Maryland, Fort Sill, Oklahoma,

Camp Lewis, Washington, and Fort Sam Houston, Texas, are not in much better condition.

Men may differ in their opinions as to the proper size of the Army, but every fair-minded person must recognize the fact that those who are devoting their lives to their country's service should be adequately sheltered. The Army man does not ask for a palace or even a modern apartment, but he should not be compelled to live in quarters which were built during the war for the temporary purpose of housing men who were preparing to go overseas—buildings which in the first place afforded little or no shelter for their occupants. Small fires have developed into destroying conflagrations at some Army posts because the proximity of these wooden huts to one another has made them serve as kindling wood to the flames. Irreparable losses of property have resulted, but fortunately no human lives have yet been taken.

What permanent buildings there are available are not receiving the necessary repairs. In the long run it is a tremendous waste of money to allow quarters to deteriorate because of insufficient funds for their upkeep.

In the emergency of war any condition can be withstood by well-disciplined troops, and in times of peace, too, the enlisted men of the Army have been unusually patient under the difficulties under which they have been compelled to live. It is asking too much of them to expect their maximum loyalty and devotion when so little is being done for them. With but \$21 a month for his pay and thirty cents a day for his food, the soldier is hardly getting enough. The least that he may expect is a roof over his head and a shelter for his body from the wind and rain.

The present housing situation may have a very serious influence on the men. As long as there is an Army, it should be properly fed, paid, and quartered. Its *esprit de corps* is its most important asset and should be most carefully fostered.

Economy is a very sound policy and retrenchment in Governmental expenditures meets with the hearty applause of all taxpayers. There are some considerations, however, which must not be overlooked. No country worthy of the name would allow its soldiers to live under the housing conditions that confront many of our American enlisted men. Congress should take the necessary steps to pro-

vide a definite housing programme for the American soldiers which would alleviate the present deplorable situation.

Colonel Mitchell on Trial

COLONEL WILLIAM MITCHELL, lately a general and second in command of the Army's air forces, is on trial before a court martial. Here is the climax to several years of disagreement between Mitchell and the General Staff of the Army over policies of administering the Air Service.

Somewhat to the surprise of many persons who have followed the developments, charges were brought against Mitchell under the Ninety-sixth Article of War. The general expectation appears to have been that they would be brought under the Sixty-second Article, which covers insubordination. The article under which the charges were brought covers conduct to the prejudice of good order and military discipline. Technically, therefore, the charge against Colonel Mitchell is less grave than was expected. There are, however, eight separate charges, only one of which relates to the statement he made following the loss of the Shenandoah.

The punishment which may be inflicted upon Colonel Mitchell if he is found guilty is "at the discretion of the court" within prescribed limits. The maximum would be dismissal from the service. The minimum would be reduction in files.

Before the trial began announcement was made on behalf of Colonel Mitchell of his defense on the ground that he was within his rights as a citizen and a soldier in making the statements for which he is on trial. The procedure at the outset of this military case corresponds to what in a civil court would be a demurrer or motion to quash. His counsel contends that the Ninety-sixth Article of War violates the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States in that it is an abridgment of free speech, and that it is therefore void.

Business by Air

IF speed is to be taken as the gauge for air progress, America leads in aviation, for America still produces the fastest airplane in the world and American fliers keep on smashing their own world records. At the Pulitzer Air Meet a small Curtiss scout plane covered the 124-mile course at the rate of 249 miles an hour. At the Schneider Cup Race,

held last week on the Chesapeake, the same type machine, with its wheels replaced by pontoons, flew the course at the rate of 232 miles an hour. In the Schneider Cup Race there were British and Italian entries, but the British "mystery plane" crashed during the preliminary trials and the other British plane finished a bad second, while the one Italian seaplane that flew was too slow for serious competition. Lack of foreign competitors, however, does not minimize the American triumph, as the winning planes beat all recorded flights ever made abroad.

Speed supremacy, however, is not an index to air supremacy, nor even a prime essential to present-day aviation. Great speed means possible supremacy in military scout planes; but in commercial aviation, where speed does not count, America no longer leads. At the Pulitzer race the only machine which showed commercial possibilities was the well-known Dutch Fokker plane. Slowness in speed did not prevent hundreds of these Fokker machines from making regular flights abroad on scheduled commercial air lines, carrying in the past four years 34,000 passengers and nearly 250 tons of freight. Another type 90-mile-an-hour plane, the German Junker, carried 40,000 passengers in 1924 alone and 874 tons of freight. During 1924 European air lines carried 84,200 passengers for a total mileage of 5,700,000 miles. The machines carrying this traffic are not model commercial machines, but they represent the best attempts to develop a commercial airplane. The safety factor has been brought to a point nearly equaling that of railroads, and engine reliability is slowly increasing. There was nothing at our air meets to show that America is developing anything but speed planes.

Had America any real commercial machines, their value would have been recognized at the Ford Reliability Tour, held earlier in the month at Detroit. Speed was not the goal there. The objective was efficiency, a more accurate gauge of progress in aviation. Aside from the Fokker machine, one other plane showed promise, the American Stout plane, now a Ford product, which, if more or less a modification of the ordinary European passenger-carrying planes, was still an attempt at developing something other than speed scouts or sport machines.

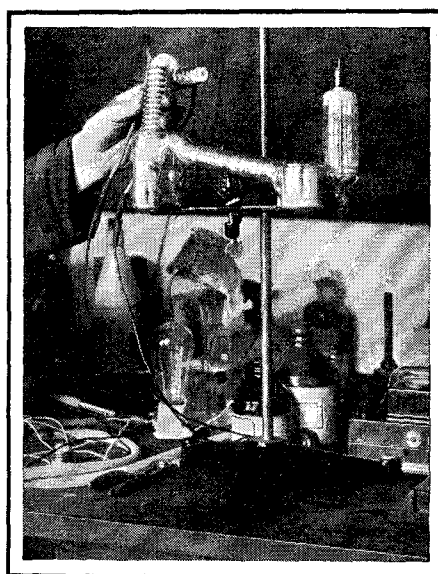
Men interested in aviation, though

they recognize the pioneering service of the air mail, see in the Ford air organization the first real promise of the development of commercial aviation in America.

We need world-beating speed scouts and we have them, but we also need the more cumbersome machines which will carry our mails and in time our passengers.

Can Man Transmute the Elements?

IN a recent issue of The Outlook mention was made of several efforts to transmute one of the 89 known elements into another, particularly mercury into



Courtesy of "Scientific American"

This is an exact replica of the lamp with which Professor Miethe originally made gold from mercury. Professor H. H. Sheldon, of New York University, believes there was some mistake; for him the lamp made no transmutation. Was the gold already in the mercury?

gold, and the statement was made that several scientists were at work trying to make such a transmutation of elements or to prove that those announced by other scientists were merely some form of self-deception. In particular we told of the work carried on by Professors Smith and Karssen, of the University of Amsterdam, and of the roughly similar transmutation experiments which had been attempted by Professor H. H. Sheldon, working for the "Scientific American." Both of these experiments have now been completed. The two Dutch scientists claim to have effected a real transmutation, changing the atoms of lead into those of both mercury and thallium. But Professor Sheldon announces in the current "Scientific American" that his long-continued efforts have

resulted in entire failure. He doubts whether transmutations have been made by any of the scientists.

Those whose interest in the remarkable advance of the new atomic physics have led them to follow it at least as a speaking acquaintance, realizing that the insignificant laboratory experiment has frequently been father to discoveries of immense practical use to man, will recall that the first announcement that one of the chemical elements had been transmuted into another came only a year ago last July. Professor Miethe, of Germany, while burning just such a mercury lamp as the one shown on this page, accidentally produced gold from the mercury used in it. He was able to duplicate the result, and the announcement of his success received much attention. To the scientist it was extremely interesting, while to the layman—well, there is no way to tell just what invaluable by-product may be derived from such a bit of purely scientific research.

At once other scientists tried to transmute the atom. Professor Nagaoka, of Japan, a noted physicist, announced that he had made a transmutation. Professor Miethe, the original transmutationist, more recently, it is stated, made gold enough for chemical analysis. Later came the announcement of the two Dutch scientists, who to avoid duplication chose lead instead of mercury to experiment with, and who claim also to have effected a transmutation.

Tentative Verdict, "Not Proved"

PROFESSOR SHELDON, using duplicate apparatus of that originally used by Professor Miethe, tried over and over with no results—except that when he began with mercury known to contain traces of gold he got gold in the "transmuted" product. With absolutely purified mercury no gold was obtained. In addition to this, five Berlin University scientists recently obtained similar findings: impure gold, transmutation; pure gold, no transmutation. They too believe that Professor Miethe's mercury contained at the start traces of gold which deceived him in the final results.

It is made plain by the "Scientific American" that in any case there is no proof that the atom cannot be transmuted. On theoretical grounds, it can, and by the change of one electron. But it is thought by many that man has not now and perhaps may never have at his command the power and the skill to per-

form this miracle. Again, it may prove possible to bring about this modern alchemy to-morrow.

Of what real use would it be? We do not know—perhaps none. Yet we can depict a querulous man fifty years ago, observing Professor Herz playing with the spark gaps which decades later were destined to be shaped by Marconi into wireless and radio, shaking his head and asking impatiently, "Yes—but what good is it?" Many a piece of abstract scientific research has had its unanticipated billion-dollar by-product.

"No Questions Asked"

THE criticism that has followed the return of stolen jewels said to be worth \$683,000 to an agent of an insurance company on payment by that agent of \$65,000 has opened up discussion as to whether the payment of rewards for stolen property under a "no questions asked" understanding is collusion with criminals. Technically it is unlawful, and the fact that by rather common custom this kind of condonation of crime has long existed as to minor thefts may be charged partly to the legal maxim which may roughly be translated, "The law does not bother about trifles," and partly to the sympathy one feels for

owners who in such cases have no other way of getting back their property.

With the growth, however, of insurance by corporations against robbery, there has come a recognition of the danger in any laxity in enforcing the law. Laxity comes about in this way: the owners of insured property look to their insurance company for redress; the company is anxious to cut its losses to the minimum; its agents may open negotiation with the elaborate underworld machinery by which the stolen property is passed through several hands from thief to "layer," to "fence," and so on to detective.

In this Donahue case the jewels were brought into the New York City District Attorney's office by one Scaffa, described as a private detective employed by the insurance company. He was allowed to depart on an alleged hunt for the thieves or their middleman. No one was surprised that the hunt brought no result, and the feeling that he had simply been allowed to gain time for the obliteration of all traces of the passing-on process gained when his story was made public. He had simply made a telephone appointment to meet a man at a hotel, had been told that the man's name was "Sam Layton" (a statement that neither Scaffa

nor any one else believes to be true), had accepted the jewels without any expert advice as to their genuineness, and had handed over \$65,000 in cash.

Mr. Pecora, Assistant District Attorney, has since been quoted in the newspapers as saying that "the knowledge these thieves have that they may negotiate privately with such complaints without much chance of punishment is the greatest incentive to professional criminals to-day." He recommends legislation penalizing the entering into negotiation for regaining loot by paying a reward without informing the police of the facts.

Some forms of crime seem to have become as closely organized as legitimate business. Law and law enforcement must be adjusted to meet the new situation.

In Memory of President Hayes

MEMORIALS take many forms, and the gift to the State of Ohio of Spiegel Grove, the beautiful homestead of President Rutherford B. Hayes, in Fremont, Ohio, was one of the most interesting gifts of recent years.

Of all the homes of our twenty-nine Presidents there have been preserved



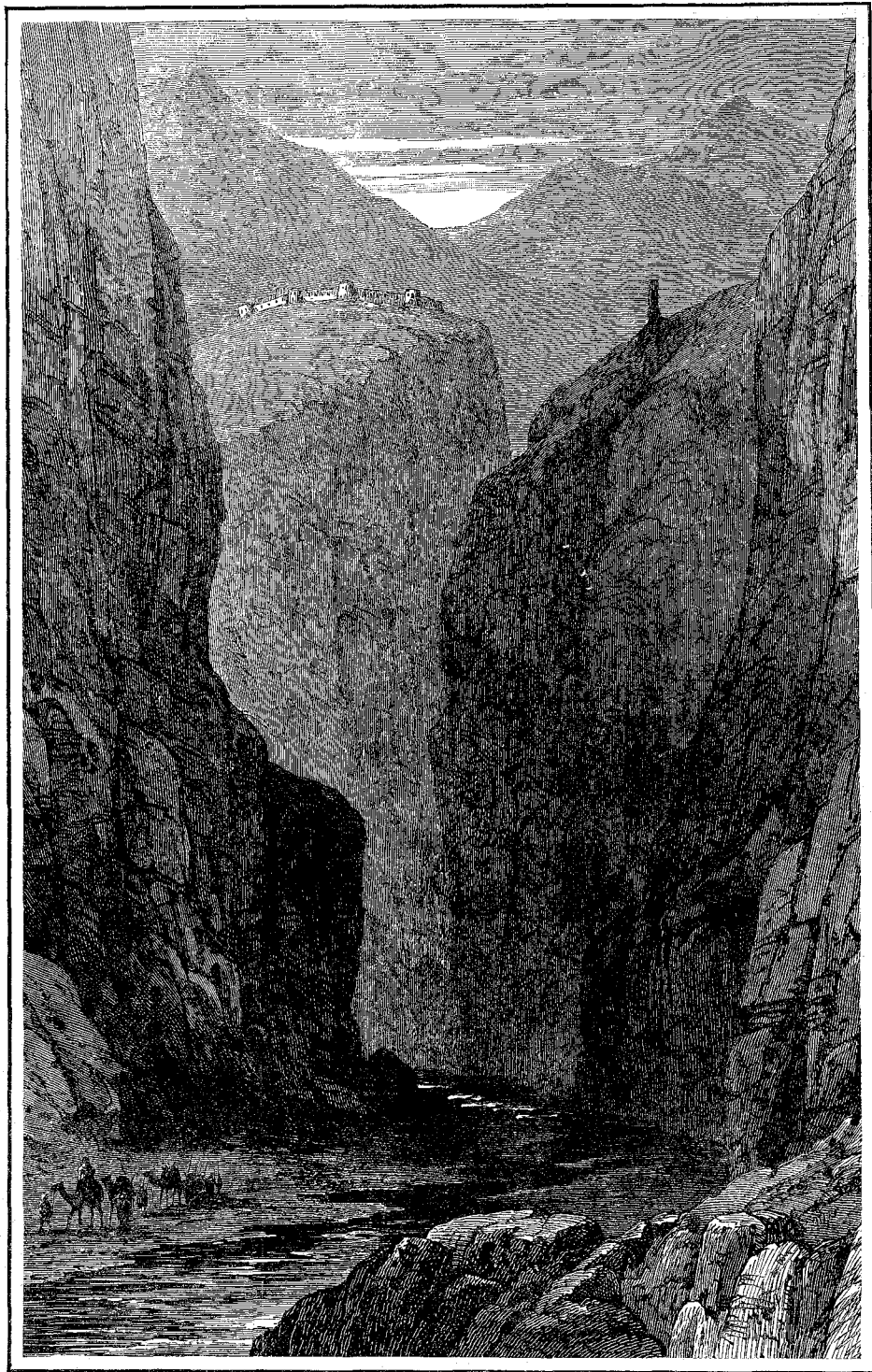
The home of Rutherford B. Hayes, as it was during his Governorship of Ohio

November 4, 1925

only those of Washington at Mount Vernon, Jefferson at Monticello, Madison at Montpelier, Jackson at the Hermitage, and the modest home of Lincoln in the city of Springfield. In all those instances, however, more or less time had elapsed before the homes were acquired and put in a state of preservation, and but few or no personal relics or memorials were secured. Spiegel Grove met with no such impairment. When Colonel Webb C. Hayes, President Hayes's second son, turned it over to the State a few years ago, it was in perfect condition and all of the valuable historic effects of President Hayes were there intact.

The George Croghan Chapter of the Daughters of the American Revolution celebrate each year the birthday (October 4) of President Hayes. The programme this year took the form of the dedication of a Spiegel Grove Gateway, with bronze tablets, erected by Colonel Hayes in honor of General R. P. Buckland, "first law partner and lifelong friend of Rutherford B. Hayes." At the same time occurred the second historical conference of persons and societies interested in Ohio history. At this conference there was considered a tentative plan for the organization of a historical society, named in honor of President Hayes on account of his active participation in the affairs of the colleges and historical societies of his native State after his return to private life.

President Hayes was a great reader and a man of scholarly tastes and attainments. His library of Americana was not excelled in his time by that of any other private individual in the Nation. He had the instincts of a collector and preserved all papers and memoranda both of his public and private life in orderly form. His Diaries and Letters, edited by Dr. Charles R. Williams, author of the Life of President Hayes, are now in course of publication by the State of Ohio and will be a valuable contribution to American history. With the exception of Thomas Jefferson and Theodore Roosevelt, no President has left such a collection of individual memoranda, literary remains, and personal mementoes as did President Hayes. Archbishop O'Connell recently has said that not long before the death of Cardinal Gibbons—a keen observer of men—they were discussing the relative merits of the various Presidents whom he had personally known, and the Cardinal said: "I have known them all intimately and well



From the "Illustrated London News" of 1878

The age-old Khyber Pass is to echo to the whistle of the locomotive

from Lincoln until now; and to my mind the most scholarly and refined of them all was President Hayes."

While President Hayes himself was utterly averse to self-laudation, the idea of some memorial to him occurred to a son whom he sent on an official visit to mark the birthplace of George Washington. The happy consummation of Colonel Hayes's almost fifty years of planning and filial devotion seem now near consummation by the prospective organization of the Hayes Historical Society as outlined at the meeting of October 4,

under the generous initiative of Colonel and Mrs. Hayes.

The Khyber Pass Railway

It is indeed a sign of the times that there should now be a railroad through the Khyber Pass. To India, in Lord Rosebery's famous phrase, the Himalayas have offered hitherto the protection of a cactus hedge. This railroad, bridging sunless abysses and plunging into rock-hewn tunnels, pierces the hedge for twenty-six romantic miles.

The Khyber Pass—a dark gorge

bounded by precipices and in some places only a few feet wide—is a link between Peshawur, on the northwest frontier of India, and Cabul, the capital of Afghanistan. There is an ancient saying that no man can conquer India who has not made himself first the master of Cabul; and for thousands of years the Khyber has been a highroad of invasion, trodden by the armies of Genghiz Khan, Tamerlane, and other chieftains of central Asia.

The British approached India, not by land, but by sea; and to them the question has been to defend the Khyber, not to attack it. The danger of Russia invading India by way of Afghanistan is one which Lord Salisbury ridiculed by suggesting that people should use large maps. Still, the diplomatic struggle between Russia and Britain for the predominating influence over Afghanistan has been going on for a century, and may not yet be over.

As Foreign Secretary, Lord Grey flirted with the idea of a railroad connecting India and Persia, but nothing came of it. And it was not until the Viceroyalty of Lord Curzon that the plan of advancing railroads into the Himalayas was seriously discussed. The reason is not merely strategic, in the usual sense of that word. Along the mountainous frontier there is chronic trouble with the tribes. But it has been found that the railroad through Baluchistan to Quetta and Kandahar has brought these border communities into peaceful contact with civilizing influence. In fact, the policy has been adopted of setting the tribal chiefs themselves to maintain order. And the hope is that the Khyber Railroad, by encouraging commerce, will introduce a new and more tranquil régime.

The Khyber of the Past

THE Khyber Pass and its extension beyond Jellahabad, known as the Koord Cabul, have witnessed more than one scene of horror. It was in 1841 that events occurred which drove the British out of Cabul. Troops and civilians numbered, in all, about 26,000 persons, many of them women and some of them children. It was the depth of winter. The defiles were almost impassable. And behind every rock there lurked a sharpshooter. Enough to say that of this entire column, one man only—his name was Brydon—staggered ultimately into Jellahabad. In a march of a little more

than one hundred miles all others had perished.

In the 'seventies Russia seized Khiva, and Afghanistan came under her influence. A British mission to Cabul entered the Khyber Pass, but was denied the road by Afghan outposts. The result, once more, was war. Along three of the Himalayan gorges—one of them the Khyber—British forces simultaneously advanced; and Afghanistan was brought again into the Indian sphere of influence.

It now looks as if the once formidable Khyber would become a national park for visitors to India, who will look with astonishment on its dizzy heights and sunless depths.

On the Seattle Battle-Line

WHAT Seattle thinks of George Marvin, and what Tacoma thinks of what Seattle thinks of George Marvin, are duly and fully recorded elsewhere in this issue of *The Outlook*. The Seattle "Times" speaks on behalf of Seattle, the Tacoma "News Tribune" on behalf of the city that lost out in the fight to name Mount Rainier.

What Tacoma thinks of Seattle—well, that is a family fight, for which *The Outlook* is not responsible. What Seattle thinks of George Marvin strikes nearer home.

We have analyzed the criticisms put forward by the Seattle "Times," and find that (disregarding personalities) they are essentially three in number: (1) The "Times" charges that Mr. Marvin has resuscitated tales of the "old Seattle Spirit," "a thing that has hardly been mentioned in the last fifteen years by people who live in Seattle, and probably not for a longer period by other people who live on Puget Sound." (2) It charges Mr. Marvin with faking a quotation from publicity material issued on behalf of Seattle. (3) It draws the pleasant inference that Mr. Marvin lied in making a comparison of Mount Rainier and Fujiyama.

Let us take up these charges and statements one by one.

We have just received from the Seattle Chamber of Commerce a most delightful and persuasive booklet entitled "Seattle—Her Faults and Her Virtues." It will be worth the time of any reader of *The Outlook* to drop a post-card to the Seattle Chamber of Commerce asking for a

copy. It is a mighty good piece of municipal publicity. What makes it of interest, however, in connection with the present discussion is the following statement telling of the birth of the "Seattle Spirit:"

Nowhere do men speak of the spirit of a city with such definiteness. Nor is it a term that has come into being with modern self-consciousness of publicity and civics—the records of a celebration twenty-five years ago speak decidedly of "the Seattle Spirit." It is an entity—a something—a civic personality—that men speak of as they would speak of a building or a man.

The spirit of Seattle is something not to be denied. It needs only to be protected against ill-advised expression.

The Seattle "Times" was unfortunate in charging Mr. Marvin with faking the publicity material which he quoted in his article. As the illustration which accompanies the editorial from the "Times" shows, it was quoted verbatim. Mr. Marvin tore it from a pamphlet which the Advertising Club of Seattle issued as an invitation to the members of the Pacific Coast Advertising Clubs Association to visit Seattle this past summer. Certainly this is from an "official publicity agency working on behalf of Seattle."

If the editor of the "Times" had taken the trouble to glance at "Who's Who in America," he would have found that Mr. Marvin's experiences in the Far East had been quite extensive. A simple reference of this kind would have saved him from drawing the inference that Mr. Marvin had not gone far enough East to see Fujiyama.

Really, it seems to us that as an attorney for the defense the Seattle "Times" fell down rather badly on the job. It may not be modest of us, but we think that we could draw up a much better defense of Seattle sitting right here in *The Outlook's* office in provincial New York. What we could do if *The Outlook's* office were located in the L. C. Smith building would probably be even better. If we could move *The Outlook* office to a trout stream in the neighborhood of Seattle, we could doubtless do even better yet. Under the existing handicaps, however, we might express ourselves somewhat as follows:

George Marvin, a special correspondent of *The Outlook*, has some rather unkind things to say of the spirit of

Seattle "which slumbers not nor sleeps." He thinks "the world is too much with us," that "getting and spending we lay waste our powers." We are too commercial to satisfy George Marvin.

A city such as Seattle can stand a good deal of criticism without injury. The only injury can come through its citizens failing to profit by any grain of truth that may be in such criticism.

Our neighbor, the Tacoma "News Tribune," thinks that there is a great deal of truth in what Mr. Marvin says. It isn't pleasant to have a neighbor confirm such impressions as Mr. Marvin received of Seattle.

While we have been inviting the world and his wife to watch us grow have we been duly solicitous as to the manner of that growth? Mr. Marvin and the Tacoma "News Tribune" say no. Almost all the inhabitants of Seattle say yes.

Seattle has grown fast. Its citizens within less than a single lifetime have built one of the major cities of America. Literally they have moved mountains, and some of the intangible mountains were greater than those of earth and stone.

Seattle has fought for its place in the sun. From now on it should be the duty of Seattle to take every precaution lest the shadow of its growth keep the sun from its fellow-Americans of the Northwest. Seattle can reach its greatest destiny only if it moves in sympathy and unison with the other communities of the Northwest.

We are dowered with the richest portion of America's inheritance. It is our right and our privilege to use that dower for the best interests of our land. The greater the strength and power of Seattle, the greater its obligation to the State of Washington and to the country as a whole.

There are some things we have which Mr. Marvin missed and which might have been drawn upon to paint a different picture of Seattle as it is to-day. He might have noted on the right side of the ledger the fact that there is but one city in America with a lower rate of illiteracy; only one city which spends more per capita for schools; only one with a greater percentage of home-owning citizens. Such facts are not the earmarks of a city devoted solely to the pursuit of cash. In the maintenance of high standards of education and citizenship Seattle gives proof that her go-getters are getting something of greater worth than dollars and cents.

Some such editorial as this might have been more persuasive with Seattle's neighbors and the correspondents who have written us from the Northwest in full indorsement of Mr. Marvin's article than the editorial which we reproduce on another page.

The Cure for Crime

ON the same day the President of the United States and the House of Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church ascribed the increase in juvenile crime to failure in home training.

Said the President to the International Convention of the Young Men's Christian Association:

Too many people are neglecting the real well-being of their children, shifting the responsibility for their actions and turning over supervision of their discipline and conduct to the juvenile courts. It is stated on high authority that a very large proportion of the outcasts and criminals come from the ranks of those who lost the advantages of normal parental control in their youth. They are the refugees from broken homes who were denied the necessary benefits of parental love and direction. . . . What the youth of the country need is, not more public control through Government action, but more home control through parental action.

Said the Bishops in their Pastoral Letter:

We see a weakening of the ties and a lowering of the standards of home life, due to lack of proper parental control and to the absence from homes of definite religious influence. We see a widespread revolt against the Christian ideals of morality and purity expressed in much of our literature, advocated openly by some of those whose position gives them hearing and influence, hailed by many as the advent of a fuller freedom and a larger self-expression, and, in correspondence with this, the appalling and still increasing growth among us of divorce. . . . Can we fail to see the connection between this situation and the spirit of lawlessness, the startling increase in crime, and especially the increase in the number of youthful criminals, which is now challenging our attention?

Both the President and the Bishops see in religion the one force which will combat the evils they describe. The President sees that power at work in the Young Men's Christian Associations. The Bishops proffer that power in terms of the historic creeds of the Church. In whatever form that power is described and presented, it seems alike to the statesman and the churchman essential if peace, order, security, and civilization itself are to survive.

These addresses will serve a good purpose if they get a wide hearing for the idea that the safety of a nation cannot rest upon restraint alone. Government,

whether of the Nation or of the State or of the municipality, has for its prime purpose the protection of persons and property against assaults of every kind; but Government of itself can never cast out the evil spirit which prompts these assaults. It can foster the institutions through which the people at large may be trained to use their power for the service of society; but the power itself must come from sources which the Government cannot tap.

In importance to society there is no career comparable to that of a father or a mother.

Ashes of History

FROM August, 1914, to April, 1917, our relations with Germany made an extraordinary chapter in diplomatic history. The fiction of our "friendship with the German people" was being kept up, although very few of the German people felt any friendship whatever for us, and ours for Germany had vanished with the invasion of Belgium. We had been astutely chosen as the representative of Germany in the capitals of the Allies, and were running her errands in London and Paris the while her submarines drowned our citizens. Mr. Bryan was being fooled to the top of his bent by various "neutral" and "peace-loving" organizations, eager to stop the exportation of munitions to Europe—these organizations being merely pro-German societies under thin disguise, who objected to the munitions simply because they were not going to Germany. And the notorious von Papen and Boy-Ed, consorting with and entertained by Americans in Washington and New York, were engineering an underground warfare against the United States.

Certain periodicals and a few weird professors are now trying to spread the illusion that Germany's attitude was altogether high-minded at this time, and that the world would see her in her true guise of innocence if it were not for the dark machinations of England and France. They are fond of dismissing public indignation of the time as "hysteria." No incident of all that mad period is stranger than the publication of the Zimmermann note—that exhibition of raw Teutoniism in which the German Foreign Minister proposed to cut up the United States and hand some of them over to Mexico. The story of this is now wholly revealed in an article by Burton J. Hendrick in the "World's Work."

Mr. Hendrick adds nothing to our

knowledge of the note itself. That was published for the world to read in February, 1917. In it Zimmermann informed the German Minister in Mexico that Germany was about to begin again her unrestricted submarine warfare; that she would try to keep the United States neutral; failing this, she would make an alliance with Mexico and together make war upon the United States; that Mexico's share of the profits was to be Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona; and that it would be agreeable if Mexico would patch up a peace between Germany and Japan. What Mr. Hendrick reveals is the method by which this delightful note came to be known, and some of the results thereof.

Germany sent the message by three routes: by wireless through Sayville, Long Island; by the Swedish diplomatic service; and by the *American State Department*. The British Government was in possession of the German wireless code, and was accustomed to read the voluminous messages with which Berlin was filling the air. The British captured or decoded all three messages. The Sayville wireless was being used by the Germans in defiance of the fact that Washington had forbidden it. The Swedish diplomatic service was more than accommodating to all German requests. But it may be questioned whether a message proposing war against a country, and partition of its territory, was ever before conveyed by the diplomatic service of the country plotted against! Zimmermann handed his message to the American Embassy at Berlin and asked for its transmission to Ambassador Bernstorff in Washington. He said it was a reply to President Wilson's peace efforts. Contrary to all custom and common sense, the American Embassy was transmitting messages without knowing their contents. Mr. Hendrick absolves Ambassador Gerard, and says he could have acted thus only on orders from President Wilson. The Americans asked for no translation; the message was telegraphed in the German cipher, but read by the British officials as it crossed England. The British did not have that faith in Germany's innocence which characterized our Government up to the spring of 1917. Bernstorff's relay message to Mexico was actually found by our State Department (after the tip came from Ambassador Page in London) in the cable office in Washington! And Mr. Page gained his first knowledge of the message from the British Government.

Some of the results were amusing.

Pro-German persons in America denounced the message as a British hoax. They were left in a ridiculous position, however, when Zimmermann acknowledged the authorship. Americans were given the credit of having captured and deciphered the despatches. British newspapers assailed the British Secret Service as less efficient than the American, since in this instance the Americans had won out. Both British and American Governments let this misconception go undisputed, as the possession by the English of the German code was still a secret. And the German Minister in Mexico, von Eckhardt, was extremely unhappy, despite the "storm of cheers" with which he was being greeted in the streets and the "three faint hisses" which formed the chilling reception of the American Ambassador. One copy of the message was actually bought in Mexico City—presumably by an agent of the British Secret Service. Von Eckhardt explained at great length to Berlin, and his messages were read with mirth in the American Embassy in London and in the British Foreign Office. These messages show where Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim gets the material for his novels. The good Herr von Eckhardt was deeply distressed. Despite all the efforts at secrecy, despite his Government's betrayal of confidence about the Sayville wireless, there was a leak somewhere. Probably in the German Embassy in Washington, he suggests. Not in *his* Chancellery! His secretary had burned the despatches and "scattered the ashes." They had been read to him "at night, in my dwelling-house, in a low voice," and, until destroyed, kept in a "steel safe." Ah, was it not so shameful?

Senator Lodge's Posthumous Evidence

AMONG the multitude of books that tumble from the presses into obscurity there occasionally emerges one whose publication is a public event. Such was Winston Churchill's "World Crisis." Such have been the volumes of the Page letters. Such now is "The Senate and the League of Nations" of Henry Cabot Lodge.¹

No historian of the World War and its aftermath will find that he can afford to pass it by. It is more than a notable public document of the times; it is a

¹The Senate and the League of Nations. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$4.

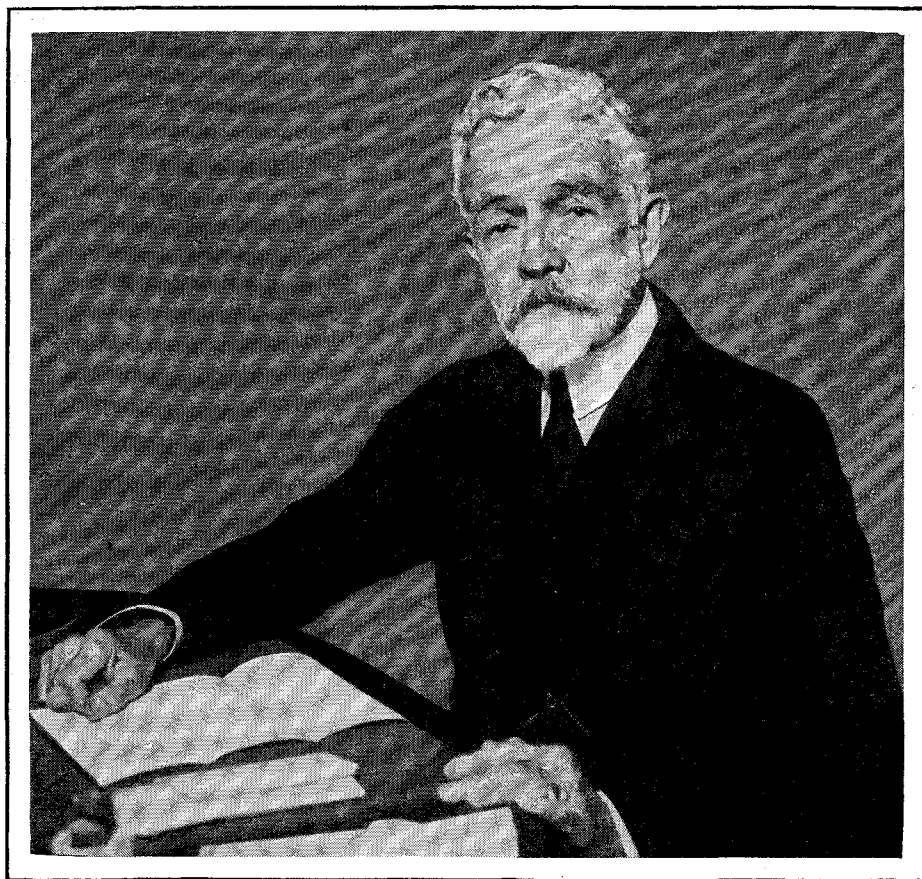
portraiture of two men whose struggle with each other profoundly affected, if it did not determine, the course of the United States at one of its critical periods.

In the first place, it is a portrait of Lodge himself. As no other book that has appeared, or is likely to appear, it explains to the reader of imagination the animosity which Senator Lodge aroused in his political opponents, and particularly in Mr. Wilson and his more devoted followers. Complacent ignorance was a trait in others which Senator Lodge could not well forgive, and this scorn was a feeling (his opponents would say one of the few feelings) which he took small pains to conceal. And not infrequently he found President Wilson ignorant of important matters and undisturbed by his ignorance. Thus when Mr. Wilson proposed to subject Mexico to a blockade without declaring war, to Mr. Lodge it seemed incredible that the President of the United States should not know that without declaring war no blockade could be established, for the fact that a general blockade is a purely belligerent right is "the A B C of international law." Mr. Lodge's comment upon the one classical illusion he could find in Mr. Wilson's speeches or writings, in which Mr. Wilson confused Hercules and Antæus, is a case in point. After giving the true version of the myth, Mr. Lodge adds:

The story is as popular as it is old. It is in every classical dictionary and in all the books which boys used to read about the Greek mythology. But as Macaulay says in one of his essays, "I have no desire to detain my reader with this fourth form learning." The point is that it seems incredible that Mr. Wilson should have made a blunder of this sort, which not only would be impossible to a scholar but, one would think, impossible to an educated man.

This scorn led Mr. Lodge to the use of irony calculated to infuriate its victims. A single example must suffice here as typical. In the Senate committee's report on the Treaty of Versailles Senator Lodge, in reply to the "clamor for speedy action" by the Senate, referring to the fact that neither France, nor Italy, nor Japan, had yet acted, wrote:

Persons afflicted with inquiring minds have wondered not a little that the distressed mourners over delays in the Senate have not also aimed their criticism at the like shortcomings on the part of France, Italy, and Japan, an act of even-handed justice in fault-



Henry Cabot Lodge

finding which they have hitherto failed to perform.

Not less vigorous than his portrait of himself, however, is the portrait which he has painted of President Wilson. It is hard sometimes to distinguish between the act of ascribing motives to a man and the act of delineating his character. What Mr. Lodge does in this book is to show how his estimate of Mr. Wilson's character, and incidentally his estimate of his dominant motive, guided him as Senator in dealing with the President. It is only incidentally, if at all, that Mr. Lodge undertakes to pass moral judgment upon Mr. Wilson; but throughout the book he shows how his judgment of the President's mind and attitude served in successfully putting through a National policy. Mr. Lodge does not rest his case upon mere surmise. He adduces evidence, and he reaches the conclusion that, "as the strenuous days which were filled by the contest over the League of Nations passed by, almost every one bringing its difficulty and its crucial question, I made no mistake in my estimate of what President Wilson would do under certain conditions." This estimate was based on the view that throughout his career Mr. Wilson was guided by his "overwhelming thought of self." And in this Mr. Lodge found the key to all that Wilson did.

In the contrast between these two men

is to be found in extreme form the contrast between the two parties they represented. Mr. Wilson is commonly called an idealist. There is no doubt that he was governed by ideals. Whether they were sound ideals or unsound ideals is not to the point; they were not actualities, but something imagined for the future. On the other hand, Mr. Lodge

throughout is governed by his sense of reality. What offends Mr. Wilson most is an affront to his emotions as aroused by some imagined future; what offends Mr. Lodge most is an affront to his common sense and his knowledge of facts. The contest between Lodge and Wilson as pictured in this book was in dramatic and extreme form the contest between those two types of character and conceptions of government that have divided American parties. In the words of William Garrott Brown, this is the conflict of "the universal and the visionary against the specific and the practical, the kingdom of the air against the kingdom of the earth."

The bitterness of this struggle would have been avoided if men of the type of Lodge could have seen in the Wilsonian some measure of common sense, and if the men of the Wilson type could have seen in their opponents ideals, none the less ideals because they were not their own.

As it was the extreme idealist, without an adequate sense of reality, who was the chief executive in negotiating the treaty and in determining its fate, upon him rests the responsibility for the failure.

It is not merely the future historian that will profit by the evidence in this book, but the future statesman. He ought at least to learn from it the dangers that will beset him from the extremists on either side.

Those Good Old Times

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of *The Outlook*

MUCH talk there is nowadays of the widespread degeneracy resulting from the World War—nobody wants to work; those who do consent to work give scant quantity and low quality for high wages; woolen cloth is half cotton; silk is loaded with lead and cracks and breaks in a way that would have scandalized our grandmothers; Havana cigars are made of Connecticut tobacco; steam laundries ruin our collars and shirt bosoms; the customs and manners of our children (to say nothing of their morals) are far more rude and boisterous than our own when we were their age; the House of Representatives is composed of illiterates and the Senate of rich boobies; statesmen of the type of the Bleases and the Vardamans have taken the place of the Lamars,

the Lees, and the Henry Clays in the South; the New England race of the Daniel Websters, the Rufus Choates, and the Charles Sumners is extinct. Such are some of the lamentations of the modern pessimist.

Now I do not want to list myself with those self-satisfied persons who are entirely content with things as they are. There is beyond cavil room for considerable improvement in the present scheme of things, and some of the improvement might be made by considering the fine standards and achievements of the past. But to those who profess to think that the present is wretched and the future hopeless it might be pointed out that the past is not always as bright as they like to paint it. John Jay and Gouverneur Morris once agreed, in a reminiscential

after-dinner talk, that there were a lot of "damned scoundrels" in the Continental Congress. A friend of mine, who is interested in the history of the development of written and printed language, told me not long ago that one of the oldest known manuscripts in syllabic characters is an essay written on papyrus several centuries before Christ by an Egyptian and preserved in either the British Museum or the Bibliothèque Nationale of Paris. This Egyptian author deplores the manners of the young people of his time—the flappers and the fresh guys of Tutankhamen's day—and implores them to go back to the higher standards of their fathers. When I heard that, I said to myself: Why worry? That Egyptian moralist was suffering, I am afraid, from what a very modern young lady I know of calls "the Parent Control Complex"!

Is it not possible that the Tories of the days of the English Reform Bill may have deplored the fact that England was going to the dogs because it had no statesmen capable of producing a Magna Charta? It certainly is quite probable that lovers, or would-be lovers, of literature when Shakespeare was an insignificant actor-manager at the Globe Theatre thought that English literature had come to a melancholy end because there were no more Chaucers. And it is not a matter of possibility or probability, but a matter of fact, that Beethoven was denounced by some of his contemporaries as a rude and boisterous innovator, forgetful of or disrespectful to the nobler standards and traditions of his fathers.

Some years ago a well-known artist of New York—if I remember correctly, it was the late Kenyon Cox—had an exhibition of studies of the nude, made somewhat in the manner of Botticelli or Arthur B. Davies. A humorous critic in one of the newspapers confined his comment to saying that the studies were repellent alike to the artist, the moralist, and the sensualist. So it was with the French innovators Millet and Monet. Their pictures were repellent alike to the artist, the scientist, and the sociologist. The artists objected to their violation of tradition, the sociologists to Millet's depiction of the hard lot of the peasant, and the scientists to Monet's new treatment of the effects of light and color in nature.

Twenty-five or thirty years ago, when Monet's impressionistic pictures were first exhibited in New York and were the talk of the town because of their startling effects of light and color—no longer

startling because they have been adopted by almost every modern painter—a distinguished Professor of Physics in Columbia University went to the exhibition. He came home saying:

"I have just been to see the most outrageous pictures by a Frenchman named Monet. Such colors! Such light! Such reflections! All contrary to the laws of nature! He must be insane!"

"Well," replied his daughter, "I'm afraid you are partly responsible, for Monet says that he is greatly indebted to your book on optics and the spectrum, of which he has made a careful and scientific study."

Such is the effect of traditional dogma and habit even on the scientific mind!

But if the pessimist is wrong who thinks there is nothing good except in the traditional past, what shall be said of the man who wants to preserve all the discomforts of the past because they were picturesque? A contributor—one of my favorite contributors—to the excellent "Atlantic Monthly," whom its editor rightly calls "an 'Atlantic' philosopher," professes such a doctrine, although I more than half think that he is indulging himself in some amiable fooling. In a recent issue of the "Atlantic" he says:

How well I remember my first trip abroad, my first sight of England! I was fearful it would not come up to the advance notices. I savored every scene and incident that was peculiarly and indubitably English. I relished even the discomforts. I should have been disappointed if the rooms had been warm, the beer cold, or the coffee good. I drank tea for breakfast, scorned the Paris edition of the New York "Herald," and took in the "Morning Post." I rejoiced that a sensational murder-story should be hidden behind so noncommittal a head as "The Pimlico Affair." At Tilbury where we docked was a P. & O. steamship tied up alongside. From a port-hole protruded a gayly turbaned head, with a black-bearded East Indian face beneath it, a timely symbol of Britain's far-flung empire. I felt as if this gorgeously illuminated footnote had been set just here at the beginning of the very first chapter of my English experiences for my sole delectation.

And now, he pretends to complain, all this charm has been destroyed by the introduction of iced drinks, the telephone, electric lights, elevators or "lifts," the taxicab, American agricultural machinery, and modern housing for factory workers. Has he ever climbed three

flights of stairs to his lodgings in a respectable house in Craven Street? Well, I did on my first visit to London forty years ago, and I much prefer a modern elevator. Has he ever tried to shave by candlelight in an English inn of the early 'eighties? Well, I have, and I much prefer electric light. Has he ever swung a scythe on an Adirondack farm in the days when that beautiful mountain region was reached by dusty stage-coaches? Well, I have, and if I were an agricultural laborer I should regard Cyrus McCormick and Walter A. Wood as public benefactors. He thinks that the modern ocean liner "with elevators and fireplaces and swimming-pools and Ritz restaurants" is out of place on the ocean, and deplores the disappearance of the deep-water sailor, "the old shellback taking his trick at the wheel." Has he ever taken his trick at the wheel? Well, I have, off the Cape of Good Hope when our thirteen-hundred-ton bark was yawing its way through rain and sleet in a hurricane, when the "shellbacks" on watch could keep their fingers from freezing only by pulling woolen stockings over their hands and arms, and I understand the charms of steam or electric steering gear.

Let this "Atlantic" philosopher read the letters of Erasmus to find out what the inns of Germany were three hundred years ago, or Arthur Young's Travels to appreciate what the roads of France were in the days of George Washington, and he will be glad that he now rides in a limousine instead of in the saddle when he visits the Black Forest or the Alps.

As to plumbing—but perhaps it would be better to draw the veil of modesty and reticence over that. I may be pardoned, however, if I recall the fact that when I went to an excellent preparatory school in the 'seventies, not many miles from New York, we boys had a bath once a week, on Saturday nights, in tin tubs temporarily placed in the German recitation-room, the water being laboriously carried from a pump which was mercifully placed in a lobby or coat-room, so that we did not have to go out into the ice and snow for it. No running water came into or left the building, so that all other appurtenances which are happily connected with modern plumbing, and are considered essential not only to comfort but to civilized hygiene, were about as primitive as they were in the days of the Neanderthal man. The same conditions

prevailed in Europe, and even so late as fifteen years ago a distinguished American with whom I was a guest in one of the great and splendid palaces of a regal European city found the plumbing so inadequate in the royal suite which had been assigned to him that he said, with a twinkle of humor: "Do you know, I

don't like living in these palaces, for I can't ring my bell and complain of my room!"

No; when I hear anybody deploring the loss of the beauty and simplicity of "those good old times," I have only to think of the discomforts of travel and domestic life in my younger days and to

be grateful to the utilitarians. I am perfectly willing to get my picturesqueness from the green fields of England and the snow-capped peaks of France and cheerfully accept the services of the railway engineer, the automobile chauffeur, the telephone linesman, and the plumber—especially the plumber.

Locarno

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

"IN this most beautiful country in the world, in the midst of a balmy atmosphere and under an azure sky, I have just done the three worst articles I have ever sent to the 'Revue des Deux Mondes.'" So once wrote here Alexandre Dumas *père*.

In the same spirit, Gustav Stresemann, German Foreign Minister, remarked to us the other day: "It is going to be a hard job to attend to politics in such a paradise."

In truth, the country is so beautiful that the usual incitement to the usual kinds of work found in the usual uglier places is absent. On the other hand, Locarno does incite to the particular work the Foreign Ministers of seven Powers have been doing here. They want to frame a pact to assure justice and peace to themselves, and so to the world. "Certainly, if their foundations," said Austen Chamberlain, British Foreign Minister, on arriving here, "could

not be secured in so heavenly a spot, peace must have flown from this earth and taken refuge elsewhere."

Lovely nature and lovely weather do inspire optimism. And we have had both.

Locarno has the lowest altitude of any place in Switzerland. Hence its air may seem hardly as dry and invigorating as elsewhere. But it is invigorating, all the same, for it is Alpine air, albeit mild and restful. Protected by the mountains, the winds from the north pass high over it and do not touch it.

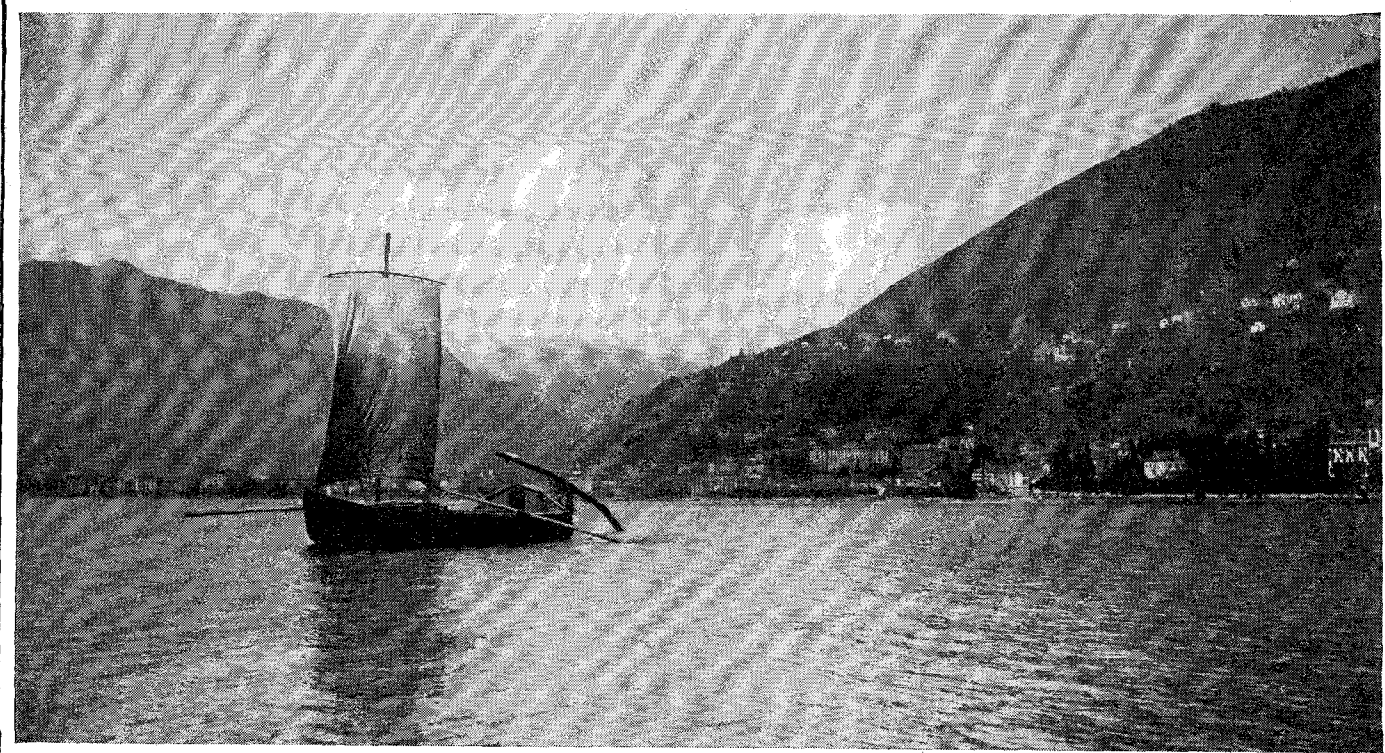
This morning I talked with a Locarnese. He said: "You should be here in January, signore. Primroses begin to bloom then. It is our best month. Every year more and more strangers profit by our climate. Last winter we had practically no snow, and we never have fog. Indeed, the colder months are the preferred season here now. The Grand Hotel, you notice, has been open only

from September till June, but, like the others, is now to be open the year round."

"It is, then, I suppose, hot and close here in summer," I suggested.

"Oh, no, signore," was the reply. "Make no mistake. Almost always we have a lake breeze."

More than four centuries ago this upper end of Lake Maggiore became Swiss. In appearance and life, however, the characteristics of the country remain thoroughly Italian—from the little lake boats with their bent-wood covers, to the deep clefts on the hills, with their dark dramatic shadows in startling contrast to the luminous southern sun. Or from the vast vineyards (no stubby growths, as in the north; the vines are supported on long, thin stone uprights and are strung across, the rich purple clusters hanging temptingly over one's head) to the villa gardens, with their peculiarly Italian colors and odors of chestnuts, cypresses, magnolias, mimosas, eucalyptus, oranges,



A View of Locarno from Lake Maggiore

lemons, pomegranates, persimmons, and palms. Or from the noon and evening calls across the lake from the tall clock-towers—alongside, but detached from the churches—in the many little lake ports or in the high-pitched mountainside settlements, pictures of aloofness and serenity, to the perfectly proportioned, ample church porches that cause you to wonder not at all that this southern Italian slope produced a Palladio. And what friendly churches, always open and seeming to say to the wayfarer: "You must pray eventually; why not now?"

True, October brings no such brilliantly gorgeous colorings in Europe as with us in America. Here the shades are less striking, but more delicate—the sunset tones on the bare brown-gray rock of the near-by mountains or on the more distant snow peaks harmonize with the soft russets and yellows and greens of the lower slopes. And wild flowers are still bravely blooming on the roadsides in great quantity and variety.

The proximity of this Italian-speaking canton to the German-speaking ones accounts for the Teutonic names on many hotels and pensions hereabouts. One hears the German language more frequently than any other, save, of course, Italian. But I have hardly ever heard German-German; almost invariably one hears the Swiss-German dialect, a seemingly harsher speech but spoken with a gentler and friendlier face, contrasted with the more harmonious Hanoverian tongue, paradoxically used by more pitiless personalities.

Locarno is a settlement of about ten thousand inhabitants. In their delight at becoming a world capital for some weeks, the Locarnese have lavishly decked their buildings with the flags of the nations taking part in the Conference of Foreign Ministers here, together with a liberal sprinkling of their own national, cantonal, and municipal banners.

The Conference has held its sessions in the cantonal Palace of Justice. This is

really a more appropriate designation for such a meeting-place than Palace of Peace would have been. Over its porch have been hoisted the flags of the seven participating Powers, arranged in French alphabetical order, and atop the edifice has waved the Swiss white cross on its cheery red ground.

According to legend, centuries ago a Locarno monk, praying ardently, saw the Queen of Heaven appear on a projecting rock high over the town. She desired, he concluded, to have a sanctuary there. The present sightly church and cloister of the Madonna del Sasso are the result, Locarno's most distinguishing feature. It has an exquisite setting. Some one said the other day: "Those monks up there must needs be holy men. The place is too beautiful for sin."

The monks of to-day are alive to what has been going on below. Every evening now, over the cloister door shines, in illuminated, giant letters, the word PAX. It can be seen far down the lake.

Villa Muralto, Locarno.

"Rome and Science"

WITHOUT any desire to stir up controversy, but with a full realization of the controversial elements in the subject, we printed an editorial in the issue for October 7 under the title "A Cardinal Pays Tribute to Science." In contrast with this tribute to students of science in search of the truth, we quoted from the postscript of a letter written by a well-known Roman Catholic layman to the effect that a teacher in a Catholic university or Catholic school "who would teach that man had descended from a lower order of animals" would be "fired." In our comment we said that there was not only in the Catholic Church, as in other churches, the difference between those who feared science and those who welcomed it, but also the difference between those who think of religion as a creed and those who think of it as a life, and quoted Father George Tyrrell as a Catholic who could and

did believe that Christianity was a life. A Methodist pastor, in a letter printed in *The Outlook* for October 21, described this editorial as an "effort . . . to place Roman Catholicism in the ranks of Modernism" (not, in our judgment, an accurate description of the editorial in question), said that the Protestant Church has changed its view of creation when faced by the facts of science, and described such remarks as those of Cardinal Hayes as "only a shrewd attempt to make Romanism appear sympathetic with the modern scientific view-point while it remains, by a process of subtle casuistry, true to its own reactionary mediævalism."

In printing the following letters from Roman Catholic points of view we confine our comment to two points—in the one case that the issue be made clear, in the other that our position may not be misunderstood.—THE EDITORS.

Mr. Callahan Remonstrates

A Letter of Protest from an Eminent Catholic Layman

REFERRING to your article "A Cardinal Pays Tribute to Science," appearing in your issue of October 7.

You embarrass me to no small degree in publishing my inelegant, if rather forceful, letter to my friend, Father Ryan, and also when referring to me as "regarded in some quarters as the foremost Catholic layman in America."

It is now a platitude to say, "There is no conflict between the Bible and science," and I would like to paraphrase the same by saying there is no conflict between the statement of Cardinal Hayes

and my postscript; and if my letter regarding the teaching in Catholic schools of the theory that man had descended from a lower order of animal were shown to the Cardinal, he would likewise tell you that such an instructor would be rather summarily dismissed.

The Cardinal nor any one else has a higher regard than myself, as well as other Fundamentalists, for what scientists have done and are doing, and it is my thought that, in all fairness, you should likewise publish the similar tribute of William Jennings Bryan, viz.:

Neither does Tennessee undervalue the service rendered by science. The Christian men and women of Tennessee know how deeply mankind is indebted to science for benefits conferred by the discovery of the laws of nature and by the designing of machinery for the utilization of these laws. Give science a fact, and it is not only invincible, but it is of incalculable service to man. If one is entitled to draw from society in proportion to the services that he renders to society, who is able to estimate the reward earned by those who have given to us the use of steam, the use of electricity, and enable us to utilize the weight of water that flows down the mountainside? Who will estimate the value of the service rendered by those who invented the phonograph, the telephone, and the radio? Or, to come more closely

to our home life, how shall we recompense those who gave us the sewing-machine, the harvester, the threshing-machine, the tractor, the automobile, and the method now employed in making artificial ice? The department of medicine also opens an unlimited field for invaluable service. Typhoid and yellow fever are not feared as they once were. Diphtheria and pneumonia have been robbed of some of their terrors, and a high place on the scroll of fame still awaits the discoverer of remedies for arthritis, cancer, tuberculosis, and other dread diseases to which mankind is heir.

It requires a great stretch of the imagination to consider my young friend John Scopes a scientist or that it was "science" for a twenty-four-year-old boy, just barely out of school, a director of athletics, to teach fourteen-year-old children

certain theories of biology and evolution that would impair their religion.

Biology and evolution can, and are, being taught without damaging the faith of the pupils.

PATRICK HENRY CALLAHAN.

Louisville, Kentucky.

[Apparently the only scientist whom Mr. Callahan or Mr. Bryan recognizes is the practitioner of applied science, one who employs knowledge of the laws of nature for the devising of something useful; and both apparently ignore the scientist whose aim is, not to provide for the comfort of man, but to search for the truth as it is found in the laws of nature and who is guided in his search by that consideration which has been finely phrased by Cardinal Hayes: "Truth, always, everywhere, at any cost."—THE EDITORS.]

Science and Dogma

Another Catholic Protest

I READ with interest the letter of a Methodist minister in your current issue in answer to an interesting article of yours in a previous number. One is amazed at its uncharitable tone. Is this the fruit, one asks, of a religion that believes that Christianity is a life rather than a creed? We Catholics have, without protest, been "listening in" for years to Protestant expositions of Christianity, but when we dare to say a word ourselves we are assailed with abuse. And this from men who claim to be broad-minded. There is food for thought here.

As to the discussion, the real question is surely this, "Has science demonstrated the falsity of a single dogma of the Catholic creed?" To which may be added the further question, "Can it?" Catholics deny that it has, and they deny that it can. They believe that faith and science are like parallel lines that do not meet within the bounds of human experience. If they are wrong, the burden of proof lies upon the objectors. Where and when have the objectors offered this?

On the other hand, those who think that the Protestant Church, whatever that term may mean, has changed its "views" should tell us why and when it changed them. The minister suggests that a major portion has changed them. He also suggests that every honest person should change his "views" when a majority of the greatest scientists have agreed on the truth of any scientific

proposition which supposedly contradicts Christian belief. But we may ask when the majority of scientists have done this. We may also ask who is to decide the question as to whom the term "greatest scientists" is to be applied. Are we to answer in the spirit of your correspondent, "Of course, the greatest scientists are those who are considered to be such by the major portion of the Protestant Church"?

We do not forget that the greatest scientists of earlier years believed that life was spontaneously generated from inorganic matter. They also believed that the world was flat and that the sun and the planets moved in complicated circles through the ecliptic. These beliefs were held to be proved beyond the possibility of doubt. They did not concern the truth of divine revelation, and the Church has accepted the changes of scientific thought without the accusation of dishonesty. Cardinal Hayes has only stated what has always been the attitude of Catholicism towards human learning, whether in the schools of Greek philosophy, in the schools of the Middle Ages, or in the experimental discoveries of the past three hundred years. There is nothing dishonest in the statement; it is a matter of history.

Your own suggestion that the attitude of a Catholic scientist is one of refusing to think on Sundays is a complete misunderstanding of the case, and really gives the lie to what Catholics firmly believe. When Pasteur died with the

rosary in his hands, he was not ceasing to be a scientist in order to be a Christian. He was doing what he had always done, and that is, he was confessing that the truths of Christianity lay in a different plane from the truths that could be demonstrated by experiment.

To instance the case of Tyrrell is another misconception on your part. Tyrrell was not condemned for thinking; he was condemned for denying the validity of thought. His principles would have led to skepticism, not merely in religion, but in every kind of thinking. Tyrrell was really an enemy of science. The Catholic Church has always favored rationalism rather than idealism. To say, as you are never tired of saying, that Christianity is a "life" rather than a creed is to suggest that there is no such thing as a Christian revelation, for revelation deals with truth, and truth is the object of thought.

On the other hand, it is absurd to suppose that Christianity is not a "life" as well as a "truth." The great theologians of the Catholic Church have also been great saints, not merely in the sense of being officially canonized, but in the sense of being men of singular holiness and charity. St. Augustine, the great dogmatist, has given us the sweetest record of Christian life that has ever been penned. St. Thomas of Aquin was a poet and a humble follower of his divine Master. There is no contradiction, there is no opposition between truth and goodness. Why stress the one at the expense of the other? A man is neither all mind nor all heart. A religion of sheer sentimentalism without a rational basis will not long survive. A religion must have its dogmas; every religion has always had them. But if these dogmas are not considered to be infallibly true, then the religion will be built upon the shifting sands. The real question at issue is this, "Has God revealed himself to men?" It is shirking the issue to say that he has only revealed a "life" and no "truths."

The letter of your correspondent is unworthy. Unless he thinks that the Catholic Church is a system of fraud he would hardly have written it. And if he does think this, we can only be sorry for him, for argument is impossible.

EDWARD HAWKS.

St. Joan of Arc Rectory, Philadelphia.

[We certainly did not say that "the attitude of a Catholic scientist is one of refusing to think on Sundays," and we do not think that on re-examination of what we said the writer of this letter would find that we even implied or suggested it.—THE EDITORS.]

BRILLIANCY rather than *finesse*, the latter quite frequently a less scintillating quality, and yet apt to be more effective in the big November encounters, has marked the first half of a season whose promise to the public has resulted in satisfying performance. Never has there been an array of schedules, bristling with intersectional games, principally between East and West, of such a popular character. There has been hardly a game so far without its thrills. And there are more to come.

Many coaches have been obliged to take long chances in their preparation in the gamble to "get by." Fortunately for many of them, the sophomore material all over the country has been exceptional, and it is the sophomore on whom one must usually bank early in the season. The tendency has been, therefore, to more freakish attack and more daring defense to meet it. In the modern game it is not the veteran who pulls the team through October, as a rule. When the seniors really swing into their stride, they are apt to eclipse the sophomores, and that may well be the case again this year.

Many of the teams had to begin where they left off last season, or at least try to begin at that point. There are a few, and Stagg's Chicago eleven is among them, who refused to be forced out of the accustomed stride by any encounter whatever. In the Western Conference, of course, every game in that organization is a "big" game, but this year there have been disturbing Eastern engagements, so that there were even more "big" games.

Teams that have had no entangling agreement as to when to begin work were



International

Wyckoff, of the Georgia Tech eleven



International

The Army makes

expected to make the best October showing. The Middle-Westerners and the "Big Three" in the East have been behind in their preparations, perforce, of such elevens as Notre Dame, West Point, Navy, and others, such as Pittsburgh and Lafayette. It so happened, however, that Notre Dame had an entire new eleven to prepare. So that an advantage usually so important was lost to Knute Rockne, the South Bend coach. He had the misfortune to strike in October the best Army eleven under the most enlightened coaching since the war.

Rockne has nevertheless the satisfaction of knowing that he has markedly influenced football all over the country. What progressivism in football has been at work throughout the land, with excellent results, may be attributed in a considerable measure to men like Rockne, Robert C. Zuppke, of Illinois, Glenn Warner, now of Stanford, Dr. Wilce of Ohio State, and a few others, and many men have been following in their footsteps. It must be remembered that these men have been heading summer coaching schools, so that it is natural that their influence would spread mightily. It is worth noting that Zuppke alone has taught two thousand coaches in the course of his work at Illinois.

Fielding Yost, too, has helped many of the younger men, and by example and practice in handling his teams has aided in the general enlightenment. So it is possible to look for still further progress when the season is concluded.

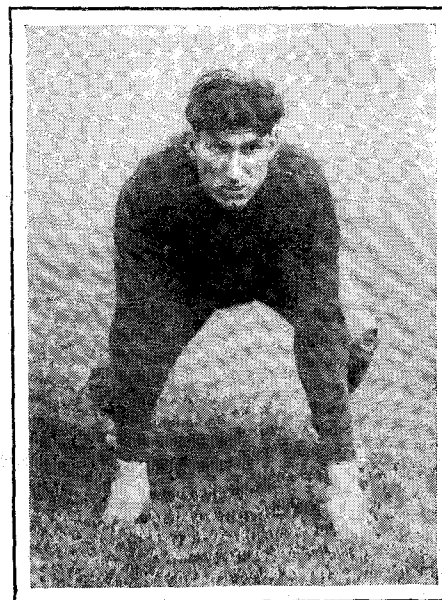
So far as the season has gone, there have been certain tendencies in the play nearly everywhere which are important and which are in the line of progress. I

1925 Football Data

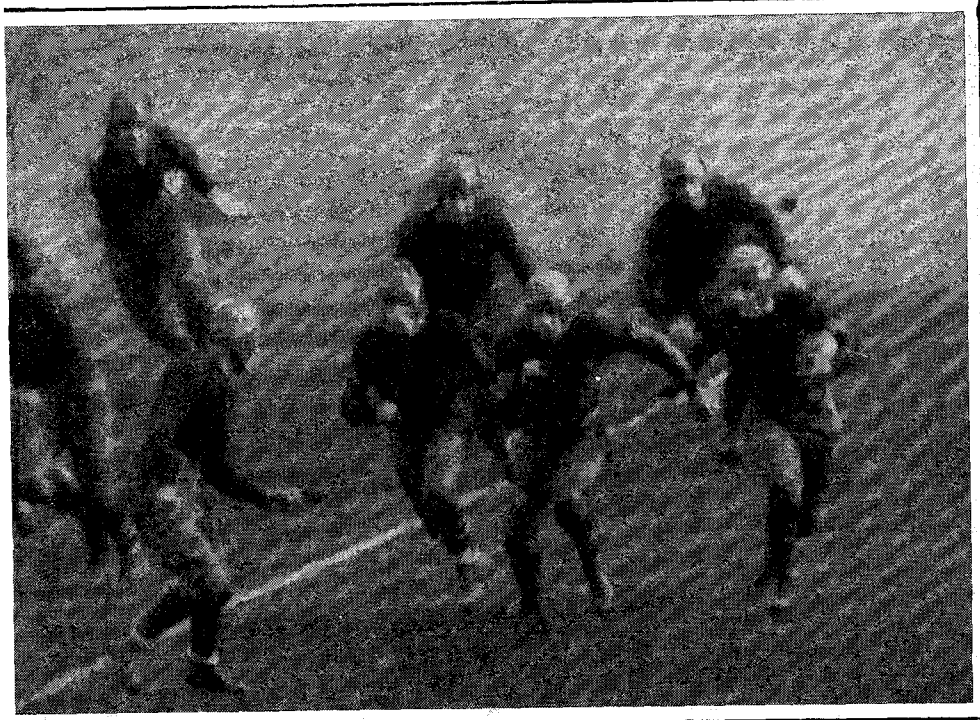
By HER

New stars succeed the old temporarily with intersectional combat, coaches

shall try to put them forward with as little resort as possible to technical language, although the spread of technical knowledge of the game is one of the outstanding features of the season. You see, the present generation of football stars started its football as soon as it was able to walk, and the facilities in the



Kassel, an end on the Illinois team



against Notre Dame

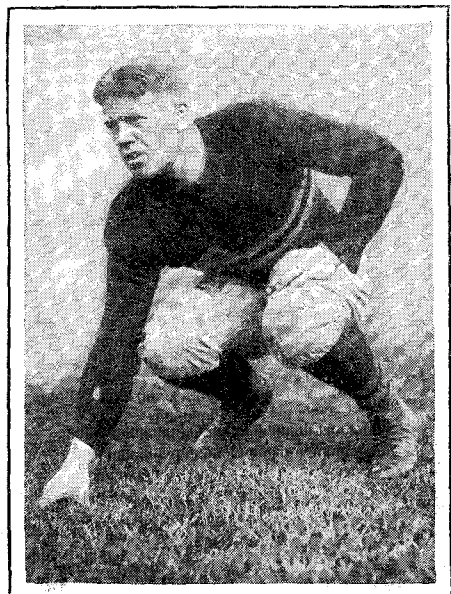
a Game that les

T REED

he first half of a season that sparkles
well as players taking chances

high schools, as regards equipment, coaching, and fields, would astonish our Rip Van Winkles of the 1900's. The spread of basketball, too, has helped the football of the younger generation, and I know of schools where baseball is not played, for lack of interest.

Well, then, the first marked tendency



International

Baxter, captain of the Army eleven

of the season, both on attack and defense, is the general acceptance of the theory that the game must be fought out on the flanks. Two things have contributed to this advance, which was slow but measured: first, the forward pass; second, the direct passing from the center, which has resulted in the efficacy of the shift plays. The shift plays have become more valuable because of the suddenness of the combined power and deception that can be brought to bear on the outside defense.

The principal value nowadays of the attack along interior lines lies in pressure, which means preparation for what are called the "long gainers." Occasionally so much pressure can be brought on the outside defense that it is possible to "cross the defense" and slip a man free through the center opening for a long run. This was done in the Pennsylvania-Brown game, and again in the Pennsylvania-Yale encounter. All this is not new, of course; what is new is that one finds it the new dogma of football almost without regard to geographical location. There will still be teams that will win games by a preponderance of play along interior lines, but there will in such cases be two factors in success—marked "power superiority" in the personnel, combined with the continued practice of deception even in the most direct of the push plays.

Precision, the result of drill rather than of scrimmage, makes for victory in the modern game, and of course that precision cannot be gained in October unless the drill has been begun earlier in the season than most colleges either care to or are allowed by their faculties to

begin. So thus far in the season glaring errors have appeared in the play of our best performers, even Pennsylvania. In a great rally against the Quakers, Yale, for instance, played some of the greatest and some of the rankest football I have ever seen. The material was there in quantities and the game was open enough to suit anybody, but in the open game perfection in individual assignments is so important that October open football suffers from the defects of its own qualities.

Naturally, this style of game, which is more than ever country-wide this season—this determination to reach a decision via the flanks—has thrown the tackles and ends more than ever into the spotlight, with the result that they are rejoicing in almost as much publicity as the backs. And, of course, even the tackle can participate in the forward pass.

This great freedom of play on the flanks has revived some old familiar names and brought to light some new ones. Of the tackles I feel that the veteran Ed Weir, of Nebraska, has already upheld his reputation. He is as great a player in his position as "Red" Grange in his. It so happened that when they met to open the season Weir had the support of a good football team and Grange had no support at all, or practically none. Failing to find any help to speak of, since Zuppke's other backs were in an early stage of instruction in the special open field blocking that is needed to fit into Grange's style, the great back undertook to sprint without protection around the end. But, fast as he was, Weir caught him, and Weir had to disengage himself from some opposi-



P. A. Photos

Pease, of the Columbia team



Wide World Photos

Knute Rockne Illustrating Some of the Finer Points in the Game to His Notre Dame Football Squad

tion, trifling, owing to his clever use of hands and his strong stance, but still opposition. The answer was that Weir, despite his weight (around 190 pounds), is one of the fastest hurdlers in the land.

Despite early season misfortunes, Grange has held his rank, his prestige, and his popularity. I think the situation was best put by an Ohio State scout when he said: "Stopped or not, the man is a great football player. He has *class*, that's all. Look out for him any time and all the time."

To return now to the line, Pennsylvania's team showed probably the best October form of any of them up to the Chicago game, still to be played as this is written, and therefore her men stood out. Wilson, the captain and veteran tackle, turned in splendid football against Brown and Yale, but was eclipsed in brilliancy by the new tackle, Sieracki. I am inclined to think that Weir and Sieracki are the two best in the country so far. They are certainly the two best I have seen. Stagg has a fine pair coming along in Henderson and Hobschied.

The Army has shown a handsome pair in Sprague and Saunders; this on the strength of one game, but they are the type to continue, I think. Reeder, of Illinois, was coming along when I saw him, and may be near the top later. Richards, of Yale, and Butterworth, of the same institution, can do splendid execution. But the fight for the position at New Haven is still young.

When one takes up the ends and the backfield, one is simply smothered under the top-liners who are up there to stay

almost without question in any case. In the Middle West we have Cunningham, of Ohio State, and Lampe, of Chicago, both of the tall and heavy type; Kassel, of Illinois, a beautiful downfield man and pass receiver; Flora and Oosterbaan, of Michigan, to mention only a few. The last-named is a wonderful receiver of the pass.

Coming East, there are two splendid wing players at Pennsylvania of the slashing usual Red and Blue type, Thayer and Singer; both the Brown ends, an institution that has turned out many a good one, this time Stiffler and Broda. The Army has Baxter, the team captain, who seems headed for a splendid year. There is Wagner at Columbia, who has not yet done himself justice, with Brady doing splendidly on the other wing.

Of the quarterbacks I have seen so far whose duties combine interference with ball passing, I like Leith, of Pennsylvania, who, besides doing about everything, including catching and throwing the forward pass, knows his generalship; McGlone, of Harvard, whose team is not under way yet under the new system; Friedman, of Michigan, a real wonder with the pass; Fishwick, of Yale, another of those sophomore stars; Yeomans, of the Army; Riley, of Notre Dame; Robin Bell, of Ohio State; Abbott, of Chicago; Gallivan, of Illinois. I should certainly add Pease, of Columbia, to this list and rank him close to the top had not injuries kept him out of the game with Ohio State.

In the backfield there are men who are richly maintaining a reputation of long

standing. Among these are Harry Wilson, of the Army; Wilson, of Washington; Rhodes, of Nebraska; Grange, of course; Keefer and Payor, of Brown; Kline, of Yale; Tryon, of Colgate; Kelly, of Montana; McCarty and Kernwein and Marks, of Chicago.

Then there are other favorites, new and old, such as Slagle, of Princeton; Buell and Trapnell, a speed pair at the Army; Shapley, of the Navy; Ben Cutler and Wadsworth, of Yale; Kruez, Rogers, and Fields, of Pennsylvania; Kirkleski, of Lafayette; Cheek, of Harvard; Norris and Kirchmeyer, of Columbia; and Wyckoff, of Georgia Tech, one of the very highest ranking of the lot; Gregory, of Michigan; the new sophomore star of Ohio State, Elmer Marek; Grim, of the same institution; Molenda, of Michigan.

The reason that the list is not longer and that certain other institutions have not been mentioned is that I have not heard from the scouts as yet. And the "Big Three" are really just entering their season. The Dartmouth-Harvard game should show much both individually and as far as teams are concerned, but will be played after this is written. Also guards and centers have hardly had time to make themselves at all conspicuous.

Certainly the game has broken about every record one can find as it reaches the half-way mark. There are bolder strokes in this modern play, even if one misses sometimes the beautiful finish of some of the late Percy Haughton's teams when they were at the height of their power.

My Visit to South America

By General JAMES G. HARBORD

President of the Radio Corporation of America

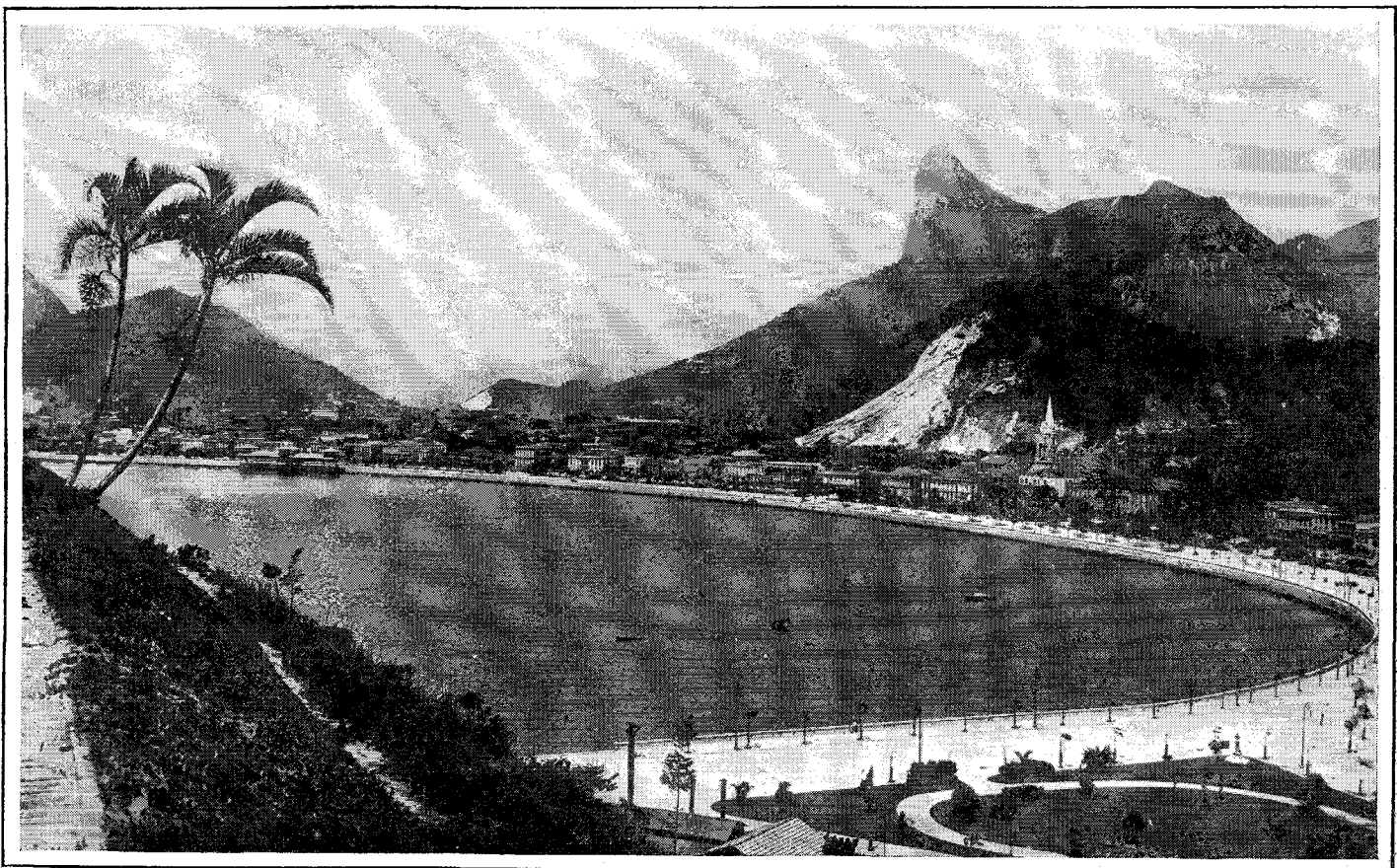
BEFORE the Great War the North American who wished to visit our sister republics of South America was apt to cross the Atlantic to catch his steamer in Europe, and recross it to reach his ultimate destination. He occupied nearly a month in reaching Rio de Janeiro, for example, a journey which now consumes twelve days. He sailed with an alien flag flying over him. He may now embark in New York and travel directly in comfort and some luxury to either coast of South America, and on ships of his own country.

In those days telegraph communications between the United States and South American countries were carried only by British and German cables and were relayed in England or Germany. Twenty-four thousand miles of North American cables to-day carry the news of our North American civilization to Latin America, as against twenty-five thousand miles owned in Europe and reaching the same shores. A high-power radio station now exists in the Argentine and furnishes direct service between Buenos Aires and the United States, France, England, and Germany, and indirect service to all

parts of the civilized world. A great wireless station near Rio de Janeiro will be completed about the end of the year, giving this same service for Brazil, while about the same time a station will be erected near Santiago in Chile. Colombia has a similar outlet from Bogota through stations in Central and North America.

The flood tides of tourist travel from our country have so long set toward European and Oriental shores that South America has remained for most of us the undiscovered country. No one who visits it to-day fails to feel two regrets—the one that his visit has been so long delayed, the other that, like all things earthly, it must have its end. Whether it be the incomparable harbor of Rio de Janeiro, the fairest setting for a city that I have ever known, capital of a Brazil that is larger than Europe or the continental United States; or the great coffee State of São Paulo, with its port of Santos; or the prosperous Uruguayan city of Montevideo; or the cosmopolitan city of Buenos Aires, with the blended influence of half a dozen European capitals evident in its architecture and its culture,

the broad Atlantic touches no shores with greater potentialities. The sweeping plains of the Argentine that stretch from north to south farther than from Hudson Bay to Key West are crossed from Buenos Aires to the foothills of the Andes by the straightest railroad in the world. For nearly two hundred miles westward from the Argentine capital the railway is a straightaway without a curve, the longest railway tangent on the earth. And when the Andes have been crossed in a train that has few rivals for luxury and none for scenery, Chile with its more purely Spanish civilization and its romantic history challenges the interest of the traveler. Chile, with its fine old city of Santiago standing on the site where Don Pedro Valdivia made his first camp in that distant winter of 1541, is, to me, more suggestive of our own land than any other state of South America. With its copper and its nitrates and its luscious fruits, Chile is the California of the southern continent. The towering heights and the everlasting snows of the Andes dominate the west coast as you steam northward toward Peru, with its great city of Lima and its romantic pre-



Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

"The Incomparable Harbor of Rio de Janeiro"

Spanish civilization of the Incas, so remote in its origins that the beginning of its story is lost in the gray mists of antiquity. There is no wharf to which a ship can tie between Valparaiso and the Panama Canal. Every pound of freight must be lightered between ship and shore. Every passenger must travel between ship and shore in launch or row-boat. No ship-owner dares brave the wrath of the organized longshoremen by disturbing the monopoly of lightering which they have enjoyed since Pizarro plundered Peru. Nevertheless these countries of the mild Pacific shores welcome the wayfarer from our chilly northern clime and charm the senses of those of us who love the sun. No North American who has the opportunity should fail to make this visit; no one who makes it will regret it; no one who misses it may hope to gain recompense by seeking the tourist-infested shores of Europe.

My errand in South America was primarily one of business. The Corporation by which I am employed has radio interests in those lands of the southern seas. In a certain sense we stand for the Monroe Doctrine in radio communications. Our radio-communication interests in this country sought a field in South America just after the war, and we have joined others in attempting to give those countries modern direct and uncensored communications with our own and the several European countries. Great Britain, France, Germany, and to some extent Italy are interested with us in this effort. There is no source of irritation or friction so great among nations, none so fertile in breeding misunderstandings, as mutual ignorance of one another. No characteristic of our modern civilization contributes more powerfully to better understanding and to better relations between the nations than improved communications. Once the electro-magnetic signal of radio is on its way, it is beyond the control and censorship of any one, and secure from political or commercial coloring in the territory, of either friend or alien. It goes directly to its destination, pausing on neither land nor sea, neither relayed nor repeated nor delayed at intermediate stations.

While our country is associated with certain European countries in international wireless telegraphy in South America, it has there no connection with alien interests in the field of radio broadcasting. Radio broadcasting has been developed to a higher point in North America than in any other country, and there is more of it done in this country each twenty-four hours than in all the other lands of the earth combined. The

blue sky above us shelters ten times as many broadcasting stations as operate in the remainder of the world, and we unquestionably lead in the technique and practice of successful broadcasting. This leadership in radio broadcasting will mean much in the relations between North and South America. The day will

Next Week

The Outlook's Book Table

will be dedicated to our younger readers. Old books that are always new and new books, some of which may never grow old, will be discussed for the benefit of parents, teachers—yes, even for boys and girls.

come, and comparatively soon, when the instruction and entertainment launched on the air in either of our continents will be available in the other. Already North American stations have been heard in Brazil, Argentina, and Chile, and more occasionally in Peru, Colombia, and Venezuela. With the progress of this art in South America, to which it has come somewhat later than to our country, great stations in those southern lands will send out their incomparable music, and the sonorous tongue of Cervantes will be heard nightly in North American homes. Radio broadcasting is pre-eminently the instrument of mass appeal. The imagination may run unrestrained on what this will mean to the outlying population in the forests of Brazil, on the plains of the Argentine, and along the western slopes of the Andes. The creation of an intelligent public opinion, so essential to the institutions of democratic government, an enormous extension of educational facilities, and the entertainment hitherto lacking in vast reaches under the equator are all within

the possibilities, and that in our own times. The North American business man was late in finding his way to the markets of South America. He was preceded by the trade missionaries of nearly every country in Europe. The South American market, especially in the Argentine, is one of the most highly competitive and contested in the world. The last ten years, covering the centennial of the independence of practically all South American states, has furnished the occasion for every form of felicitation. Every European nation of importance has celebrated the anniversary of Argentine independence by suitable works of art or utility in her great city of Buenos Aires. Spain and Germany contributed great artistic groups of bronze and marble. Gifts of France express the good will of her people. The American colony—for, while the *governments* of other nations contribute, it is only the local American colony that does it for our country—erected a statue of George Washington. England's solid and useful clock tower, which marks the time for Buenos Aires, is duplicated in four other South American cities, which also have had anniversaries. In Peru, a British knight, Sir Augusto B. Leguia, a Peruvian, but educated and knighted in England, has long been President.

Those are fair lands to the south of us. In them there still flourishes the spirit of the conquistadores. Spanish and Portuguese civilizations there reach their best flower of modern days. There still survives the art of those artistic mother countries. There still linger the great traditions of old Spain. In that direction should flow the tide of our American tourists which now each year follows the Gulf Stream to Europe. No North American in search of pleasure and interest will fail to find them in South America. No thoughtful countryman of ours will regret the touch with the language, the art, and philosophy of our sister republics to the south. No statesman of ours can fail to benefit by the exchange of ideas with men of his own class who are engaged in solving the problems of those lands, which in many respects are much the same as our own. No North American business man whose wares reach foreign markets can afford to ignore a field which by propinquity and close identity of interest invites our enterprise. For me on my journey the charm and the interest were constant. In closing I can but reiterate what I said in the beginning, that two regrets were mine in visiting South America—the one that my visit had been so long deferred, the other that, like youth and life itself, it was bound to have its end.

Pinions and Opinions

Staff Correspondence from Washington

By DIXON MERRITT

GIVE the right sort of airplane fleet to the right sort of aviation officer—to Colonel Billy Mitchell, let us say, just for the sake of having a concrete (which has not in this case anything to do with cement) personality in the argument—and he could sink the navies of the world, annihilate the armies, pulverize the fortifications, and so scarify the face of the earth that it would be fit for nothing except woodchuck dens.

That is one view. The other one follows:

Give Colonel Mitchell—or anybody else, for that matter, but just mentioning him because he likes to be mentioned—all the airplanes that the United States has, all the airplanes that Great Britain has, all the airplanes that France has, and then add to that mighty host of steel eagles with silk wings all the airplanes that Colonel Mitchell (mentioning him, just for instance) thinks the United States ought to have. Say to him, "Go, Colonel, with your planes and take Cuba." He could bomb around and make a deuce of a noise until he came to land. Then the police would arrest him for breach of the peace.

Those two views, clothed in a hundred different and often fantastic garbs, constitute the soul and sinew of what the President's Air Board listened to from away back in September until the fog shut out the daylight on the evening of Friday, October 16.

THROUGH all those days the Air Board sat in a semicircle and listened. Some of them talked a good deal, most of them very little, even in the essential matter of asking questions. The two men at the ends of the arc—the end men, if the nomenclature of the minstrel stage may be applied to so serious a matter—pulled continually at black pipes. One, near the center of the crescent, rumbled his gray beard and looked at some sort of paper most of the time while he listened. The others followed their various bents, but all of them were good listeners.

And what a mass of listening they did have to do, those members of the President's Air Board!

Room 226 of the House Office Building was constantly filled with the effulgence of Army and Navy. While one witness was on the stand others sat in

wait—and in pairs. Every officer had at his side his orderly—or whatever else a military secretary is called—who rested a well-packed brief-case across his trim knees. His job was to pass the papers to his chief as they were needed.

Opinions. That is what those brief-cases were filled with, what the witnesses were filled with, what the records of the President's Air Board's investigation are filled with. In a court, of course, opinions come from the judges, and not from the witnesses. But a board is not a court, though it may be something just as good.

OPINIONS! In all that mass of material which the Board has now whipped somewhat into shape for purposes of recommendation to the President, there is not one single fact that was not known before.

The inquiry was a flat failure if it is to be judged on the basis of discovery of new facts. But that is not the way to judge it, and the investigation was not a failure. It was a big success.

First, the public is reasonably reassured. It knows now that we really have an air force which is something more than a fleet of schoolboys' kites.

Second, the public is confirmed in its apprehension. It knows now perfectly well that we have not the sort of air force we ought to have, that there are defects in it which have got to be cured. In short, the public knows that both groups of extremists are wrong.

Third, there will not be a Congressional investigation of aviation at the next session. That is, there is not one chance in a thousand that there will be. Before the Air Board began its work there was not one chance in a thousand that there would not be. And escape from a Congressional investigation is worth almost anything.

THE task before the Board, now that its job of listening is done and its job of co-ordinated thinking has made progress, is appalling. Reconciliation of the views expressed is impossible. Vinegar and soda, monkey and parrot, any incompatible pair that can be conceived of, would be more harmonious than the conception of the old soldier of the line and that of the new air pilot as to the place of the airplane in warfare.

The airman believes that the right

kind of air force practically would make Army and Navy unnecessary.

The old soldier believes that the infantryman, his feet on the ground and a gun in his hand, is the Army, the Nation's defense, and that everything else which goes into the defense organization is merely by way of assistance to the infantryman.

The old sailor has the same abiding faith in the capital ship.

The airman says that the soldier does not understand aviation, and the soldier says that the aviator does not understand warfare. Certainly, they do not. I don't believe that either of them knows what the other is talking about. But each of them takes a very human attitude—that his own specialty is the greatest thing in the world. Men have been like that from the beginning of history. No new weapon ever was invented but that the soldier who had used the old weapon said the new one was no good—except as an aid to the old one. When cannon came into use in warfare, the old longbowman sneered at them as bungle-some things that could not be brought into action quickly enough to be worth while, but admitted that they had some advantages when a wall was to be battered down. The gunner, of course, knew that the longbow was obsolete and would soon go out of use.

But it did not go out of use, exactly. No single weapon that man ever created for fighting is obsolete. It may have a vacation for a century or two, but it comes back. Nobody could have believed that a short, thick-bladed knife would be an essential weapon of armies in the twentieth century—until the trench knife became an essential weapon of the men in the trenches during the World War.

THIS snarling of soldier at aviator and of aviator at soldier is an act centuries old. Both actors act foolishly. The airplane is more important than the old soldier can believe it is. It is not as important, and never will be as important, as the airman feels certain it is.

There, now! I did not think I had an opinion, and was certain that I would not express it if I had. I was trying to lead up to what the Air Board has before it.

When the President appointed that Board, he laid down no hard and fast rules. He gave the Board wide latitude.

But such dicta as he did lay down divided themselves into two fields. First, the Board was asked to go into all phases of present-day aviation; to find what, if anything, is wrong with its administration, and suggest remedies. Second, it was told to explore the probabilities of the future and to recommend means for making sure that the United States gets the benefit of scientific investigation and discovery in matters pertaining to aviation. All of the indications are that the President attaches more importance to the second than to the first.

Now as regards recommendations for changes in administration, the Board may tell the President how to bring about readjustments which, while falling short of satisfying the airman, will ruffle the temper of the Army and the Navy—more particularly of the Navy, for it looks with even less complacency than the Army on changes in the Air Service. The Secretary of War, it will be remembered, was largely instrumental in bringing about the inquiry. The Secretary of the Navy strenuously opposed it. But

changes in administration will be of less importance than means of securing the fullest possible scientific development of aircraft and of developing the aviation industry.

BUT even the means of securing the fullest development of the science of aviation is of less importance than something else that must be decided, if not by the Air Board, then by somebody else after the Air Board has made its report to the President.

A decision is imperative as to what an airman ought to be. There are four unalterably fixed opinions on that point, and all of them, of course, are wrong, because it is a fact a million times demonstrated that when any man has an unalterable opinion on any subject he knows less about that subject than a man ought to know.

The airmen believe that they are now what airmen ought to be—simply airmen of technical skill and high emprise and indomitable daring. The Army insists that an airman must be a soldier, capable

of commanding land forces upon occasion. The Navy is equally insistent that an airman must be a sailor, capable of commanding a ship or a squadron or a fleet, and that he must actually command ships at times. The fourth opinion is that an airman must be a meteorologist and oceanographer, even more skilled in the wizardry of weather than civilian meteorologists are now.

Now all of those opinions are right. Even our crabbed uncle Carlyle knew that no man comes to an unalterable conclusion without some bit of the rock of truth to build upon. And Anatole France knew that the varicolored bits of error, stirred together and revolved rapidly enough, make the white expanse of truth.

The truth was told, in innumerable bits of error, before the President's Air Board. All that remains to be done—but it may be more than mortal man can do—is to revolve the motley mess of colors and shades and tints rapidly enough to make it white, the white of an adequate and continuing National policy in aviation.

Is This a Private Fight, or Can Any One Join in?

George Marvin gets within the range of a neighborly cross-fire and learns what the editors of the Seattle "Times" and the Tacoma "News Tribune" think of him

Look Who's Here!

From the Seattle "Times"

IF there is any one thing that has become fatiguing to Seattle people it is this constant annoyance of being "discovered."

Every half-baked writer or assistant sub-editor on any kind of Eastern or Mid-Western periodical that accidentally gets into this country thinks he has become another Columbus. So startled is he to find that there is anything in the world outside of his own home town that he rushes into print for relief.

Naïve confession of his own monumental ignorance!

Quaint things are discovered that are commonplace enough to those of us who know how and where to live—but unusual indeed to the Babbitts of some of the Middle Western and even more benighted partially Eastern communities.

But the worst pest of the whole half-baked variety is the writer or sub-editor who rather fancies himself and when he comes to town expects the Mayor, the City Council, the Chamber of Commerce, and all leading citizens to turn out with a brass band to greet him. Invariably disappointed, this is the type that gets

even in a fashion he thinks subtle—by waxing sarcastic at our expense—and we are indeed sorry to say it—sometimes becoming absolutely mendacious.

To the latter classification belongs the man who recently wrote an article entitled "Realizing on Rainier—The Spirit of Seattle Slumbers Not Nor Sleeps," which we are informed has been published in the current Outlook.

Perhaps his statement that Tacoma lies between Seattle and Mount Rainier is poetic license. Perhaps, also, his charge that Seattle has no courtesy and no idea of service beyond roughneck thoughts of domination by the "soak 'em" process. (What style and grace!)

Even again poetic license might account for the writer's resuscitation of the tales of the old "Seattle Spirit." Every one who lives here knows that this is a thing that has hardly been mentioned in the last fifteen years by people who live in Seattle, and probably not for a longer period by other people who live on Puget Sound—in other words, since Seattle became a city.

But under the head of mendacity

alone must be placed the following quotation from The Outlook's article:

In the peroration of the blast with which the city's publicity organization seeks to charm streams of conventions, with their thousands and millions of alluvial deposit, to the city's shores and within its gates, occur these words which have been copied verbatim into the uncommercial traveler's handbook:

"Seattle!—a town with a reputation for putting things over right! Home of the far-famed 'Seattle Spirit' which has made her the major metropolis of the great Northwest Empire, and largest city of her age in all the world!"

It is this sort of thing that moves a devout Mohammedan, in contemplating the ways of the giaour, to mutter "Allah Akbar!" in his beard, and prompts even some outside Christians of a simpler faith with closed eyes to call upon the name of the Lord!

This passage, which The Outlook's writer refers to as a verbatim quotation, is absolutely false in thought and construction, and there are only two authentic phrases from any official publicity used in behalf of the city of Seattle. These correct excerpts are "the major metropolis of the great Northwest Em-

ions of alluvial deposit, to the city's shores and within its gates,
 occur these words which have been copied ^{substantive} into the un-commercial traveler's
 hand-book:

SEATTLE!—a town with a
 reputation for putting things over—right!
 Home of the far-famed "Seattle Spirit"
 which has made her the major metrop-
 olis of the great Northwest Empire, and
 largest city of her age in all the world!

It is this sort of thing that moves a devout Mohammedan, in contem-
 plating the ways of the ~~Alaour~~, to mutter "Allah Akbar!" in his beard, and

Here is a fragment from the manuscript of George Marvin's article on Seattle as it went to The Outlook's composing-room. Pasted on his copy was a clipping containing the quotation which the Seattle "Times" declares to be a mendacious fabrication. By the way, George Marvin has been far enough East to have served in the American Consular Service in China and for two years in the service of the Chinese Government itself. In 1923 he represented "Asia" and The Outlook as a special correspondent in Japan. He could not have helped seeing Fujiyama at that time

pire" and "the largest city of her age in the world." However, these quotations have never been associated by the Chamber of Commerce or any other official publicity agency working on behalf of Seattle, and even in the second correct extract The Outlook's mendacious authority was compelled to insert the word "all" in order to round out his annoying fabrication.

For this fabrication The Outlook owes Seattle and its Chamber of Commerce a

complete and abject apology, even though the average Seattleite would be just as well pleased never to hear from The Outlook again. But, in passing, one cannot refrain from wondering whether the comparison made by The Outlook's writer between the Japanese mountain "Fuji" and our own Mount Rainier was based on the writer's actual Far Eastern travels or did his mendacity carry him to the point where he could not be trusted even in so minor a matter?

He mildly cites the fact that Tacoma lies between Seattle and the mountain, and further points out that "the Seattle Spirit comprehends the mountain as a distinct selling point in its aggressive programme of putting things over." "The realizability of Rainier in concrete terms of sales seems to be the mountain's one usefulness," he says. "There is plenty of spirit in Seattle," he admits. Though "trying to keep up with it costs plenty of money." "In Seattle 'Soak 'em' seems to take the place of Service," he quotes an unnamed citizen of Tacoma as saying.

This is of course the truth unadorned and told without diplomacy or sugar-coating.

Such frankness moves Seattle to fury. The leading newspaper devotes its main editorial to this annoying performance. Here are a few of the adjectives which the writer uses in the course of half a column in describing The Outlook's performance: "Half-baked," "another Columbus," "monumental ignorance," "Babbitt of the benighted Eastern communities," "worst pest," "absolutely mendacious," "poetic license," and "absolutely false in thought and construction."

Dear, dear! What an explosion over a publicity stunt! For, after all, Seattle did get the publicity that it was after, although it was not publicity of the saccharine variety which it sought. The neighbors cannot forbear a chuckle. They wonder what would happen if some other presumptuous municipality should venture to borrow Lake Washington or Harbor Island or the University of Washington stadium for publicity purposes!

Hoist by Its Own Petard

From the Tacoma "News Tribune"

EVEN a good neighbor may be pardoned a chuckle when a joke comes home to roost on the doorstep of the community joker.

Here is our kindly contemporary, Seattle, for example, which has always prided itself on being the original clever publicity expert of the Pacific Northwest. It has usually gotten away with it, too, much to the chagrin of some of those whose household utensils have been borrowed incontinently. Now it appears as if our good neighbor on Elliott Bay has been hoist by its own publicity petard.

During the summer along came George Marvin, an editorial representative of The Outlook, the New York weekly magazine. In Seattle Mr. Marvin had a great deal of attention paid him by the Seattleites, who are always keen on hospitality to traveling publicists who may say a kindly word for the enterprising city whose busy streets reach from Puget Sound to Lake Washington. Mr. Mar-

vin was given a typical Seattle welcome and civic statistics were thrust at him with every forkful of food that he took during his stay in the city.

The long-awaited article now appears in the current issue of The Outlook. It is publicity for Seattle all right, but such publicity! The author writes of "the Seattle Spirit," and during the course of some thousand words tells what would seem to be a few plain truths about the Elliott Bay municipality. He says, for example, that "in the Northwest the people speak of the Seattle Spirit with a smile. Sometimes it is a good-natured smile. Other times it is a rueful smile. Now and then, as in Tacoma, it is a bitter smile." He admits that "Seattle does put things over," and calls attention to the fact that it has put its port into "the congested class of the second largest in the United States," although it had to borrow all the rest of Puget Sound ship-ping to do it.

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

Christina Alberta's Father

Reviewed by H. W. BOYNTON

NOTHING could be more comfortably Wellsian than this latest Wells novel.¹ It combines, if not fuses, all the familiar elements and ideas of this ingenious author. His publishers are wont to divide his longer narratives into several classes: (1) Novels; (2) Fantastic and Imaginative Romances; (3) Books on Social, Religious, and Political Questions; some forty-four volumes in all. "Christina Alberta's Father" is as much romance as novel, and as much speculative essay as romance. Nothing could be more fantastic—more characteristic of Wells's fancy—than this parable of Sargon, the reincarnate King of the lost Atlantis. "Imaginative" is never quite the word for his nimble play of mind, which, for all its apparent freedom, sticks always to the predestined channel of a few "ideas."

Nothing could be more free-and-easy than the author's use of the persons of this romance—or novel—as mouthpieces for his latest animated comments on human experience and destiny. They all talk alike, and they all talk like H. G. Wells, with a certain perfunctory shifting of pitch and modification of accent to fit their sex and costume. The performance is ventriloquial, the puppets even are unchanged. If you knew Ann Veronica in 1909 and Mr. Polly in 1910, you know Christina Alberta and Mr. Preemby and Bobby in 1925. For there are two Mr. Pollys here—the kindly, muddle-headed Daddy of Christina Alberta (who is not her father), and the kindly, muddle-headed Bobby who is her faithful and slightly fatuous lover. As for Christina Alberta's real father, he is hardly more than a reflective figure in the background.

These people all frankly represent different moods or aspects of H. G. Wells himself—Wells the scientific observer of humanity in the large; Wells the conscientiously indulgent commentator on the latest thing in humanity, the young female of the species; and Wells the wistful seeker of romantic happiness. In the usual form of social comedy, this

book gives the usual Wellsian blend of yearning for personal freedom or expression, altruistic emotion, and faith in a human perfectibility to be attained partly by utopian legislation and partly by the working of that mysterious force which the prophet variously (and always definitively) terms "God, the Invisible King," the "Mind of the Race," or "Sargonism"—this last being a state wherein we are all to be "fellow Kings," one of another!

Other Fiction

THE NAKED MAN. By Vere Hutchinson. The Century Company, New York. \$2.

"Naked came I out . . . and naked shall I return." But Luke Baddock, the central figure of Miss Hutchinson's novel, was no Job either in virtue or patience. Life treats him cruelly from the first. He is the son of a drunkard and a virago; his childhood is hard, his youth, save for one blessed year on a farm, is spent bitterly and rebelliously in the mines. He loses his first love and marries indifferently, for convenience; yet it is Maggie, his loyal and self-sacrificing wife, who in the end brings him comfort and tranquillity after he has owned only to lose the farm in which his heart was bound up, has been shamed and thwarted and bereft in hope after hope, and turns to her a broken man. A strong and somber tale, at times an impressive one, marred only by the relation of the wife to the wanton. That a childless, loving, and unloved wife might step aside for a loved mistress who is the mother of her husband's son is believable; that such a wife would deliberately, in her own home, to give her husband the son he yearns for, put a light woman in his way and fairly thrust her upon him stretches credibility to the extreme, and leaves the line between noble and ignoble more than hazy.

ALAN. By E. F. Benson. The George H. Doran Company, New York. \$2.

In "Alan" Mr. Benson has given us a novel second only to his exquisitely humorous "Queen Lucia" as satirical comedy. The book deals entirely with the home life of a successful novelist whose vogue is on the wane, and the story introduces us, not only to Alan and his much enduring wife, but also to certain

¹ Christina Alberta's Father. By H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

In writing to the above advertiser, please mention The Outlook

other well-drawn and entertaining characters. Alan is a supremely selfish man, not as elaborately portrayed or of as high social rank as Meredith's Egoist, but rather a British edition of the German husbands so feelingly delineated in "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" and "The Caravaners." Alan's wife acts as his amanuensis, and, since he is as tireless a worker as was Anthony Trollope, the conditions of her life are pitiable. Moreover, she gains but little sympathy from her mother, who was once in love with Alan herself, or her sister Dora, a worldly woman married to a rich man and able to indulge her fancy for costly garments, a hobby that engrosses her waking hours. There comes into this family one Mrs. Probyn, a social pusher of the most virulent type, whose quarry is of the intellectual rather than the titled class. In her vision Alan is the sun around which the lesser planets of her dinner-table revolve, and, as he seldom goes about in society, she regards her capture of him as the most brilliant feather in her richly adorned cap. She squirms her way into the household, using her flattering tongue as a weapon of assault, for the novelist's vanity renders him an easy mark. She soon establishes herself in his study as a temporary amanuensis, in order to relieve the wife of some of her toil, and it is not long before she becomes a permanent fixture beside him. Meanwhile, as every reader will be glad to note, a young cousin appears on the scene and relieves the wife of some of her loneliness. He is an attractive young fellow, and every woman who reads the book, especially those who are reminded by Alan of their own husbands, will wish him well.

THE VIRTUOUS HUSBAND. By Freeman Tilden. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

Jim Buckbarrow, whose life story is told here, is frank, friendly, and good-natured. The reader finds him good company through boyhood and during his work in a country-town newspaper office, while his odd friend Jeffcoate, sign-painter, hard drinker, and amateur moralist, is a joy. When Jim goes to the great city, he must by the rules of the fiction game leave a fine girl behind him. Equally inevitable must he in the end renew his love for her. What happens between in the period of urban sophistication explains the title. Incidentally there are shrewd and sensible side-glances at modern fads and social questions.

QUEER JUDSON. By Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$2.

Here is everything that makes a Lincoln story enjoyable—dryly humor-

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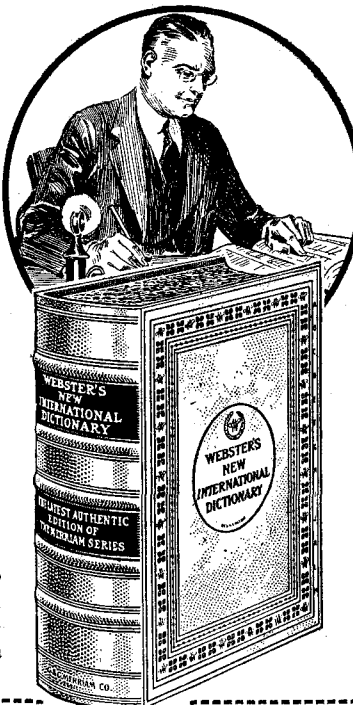
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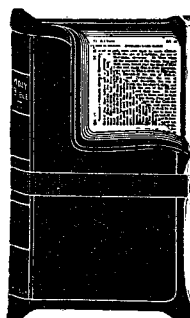


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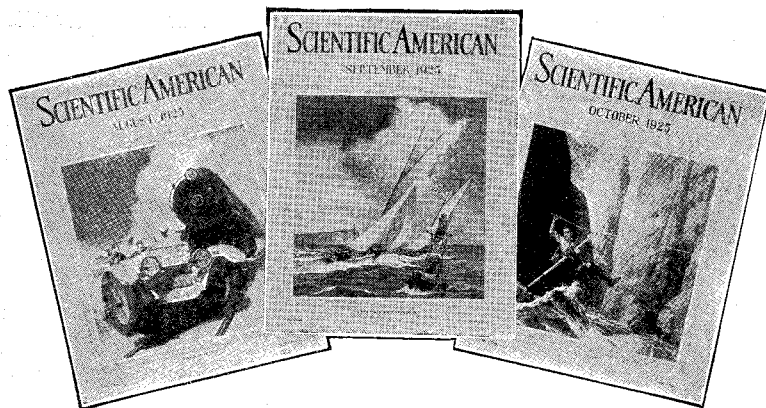
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ous Cape Cod talk, quaint characters, the fresh breeziness of the New England shore life. There is also a sound human-nature quality in the main situation—that of Queer Judson, a young man whose innocence and inexperience have involved him in a bankruptcy through which his native villagers have lost their savings. He returns to meet their contemptuous dislike—and conquer it. This is at least a fair average Lincoln book; out of the twenty-five or so he has written one might pick, say, three as better, but probably no reader would pick the same three.

GABRIEL SAMARA, PEACEMAKER. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. \$2.

Mr. Oppenheim's plots alternate between ordinary crime and international affairs. This novel is of the second class. Samara is for Russia what Mussolini is for Italy. He has driven out the Bolsheviks, brought about prosperity, and is a patriotic dictator under the name of President. He comes to America and negotiates a big loan so that he can demobilize his armies and put them to work. He even tells the Russian monarchists in America that they may return to Russia, and snaps his fingers at them, so to speak—a great mistake. Incidentally he hires a typist from a New York agency, a Miss Borans, finds her indispensable, and takes her to Europe. She turns out to be none other than—but hold on, this is where the story begins to be interesting!

Drama

GLAMOUR: ESSAYS ON THE ART OF THE THEATRE. By Stark Young. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. \$2.

These essays, many of which have appeared from time to time in recent magazines and journals, impress one with their author's intense preoccupation over the subtleties of theatrical art. Philosophical and speculative, he exhibits the assurance of one competent and thoroughly at home in his field. One apprehends a sensitive spirit capable of nice discriminations, one that bases judgments on adequate criteria, and cannot be accused of straining interpretation for the sake of the clever paradox or the smart epigram.

It is a book which should prove valuable to all who have more than a cursory interest in our stage and makes its appeal to both sides of the footlights. That comparisons need not be odious may be deduced by scanning the "Letters from Dead Actors," comprising five of the fifteen essays, each addressed by the shade of a historic stage celebrity to a contemporary professional: e. g., David Garrick to John Barrymore, La Corallina to Doris Keane. Mixing praise with

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admonition, they show by contrast and parallel in what branches of technique the moderns excel and in what others they still have something to learn from their spiritual ancestors. Indeed, this critic's enthusiasm never blinds him to the limitations of the most shining luminaries, as when in the course of an appreciation of the Moscow Art Theatre he decries Stanislavsky's performance in one of Gorky's plays—"insufferably scored, like the work of a brilliant amateur or of an instructive coach."

One might seek far before finding a more beautiful tribute than the essay on Duse, who could give him "a tragic sense of beauty and completion." Madame Sorel's tour gave occasion for comments on the French tradition, the effect of the social instinct on their art, and a recognition of the kinship that exists between the French classical theater and the Greek.

Mr. Young has the virtuoso's touch in handling his material, if things imponderable may be thus designated. The style is delicate, resilient, supple—admirably suited to the subject.

Philosophy

THE WORLD AND ITS MEANING. An Introduction to Philosophy. By George Thomas White Patrick. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. \$3.50.

An interesting and, we think, a valuable book which many persons will be glad to read and to own. It is an introduction to philosophy by the Professor of Philosophy in the University of Iowa. The style is simple, readable, agreeable. It may be read through with profit and enjoyment by any one who wishes to understand modern thought on all the questions which are included in the term "philosophy." There are numerous suggestions for further reading.

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Travel

NEW YORK IN SEVEN DAYS. By Helena Smith Dayton and Louise Bascom Barratt. Robert M. McBride & Co., New York. \$1.50.

This little book will interest the folks from Dubuque as well as those more familiar with their Gotham. It is packed with information, some of it exceedingly valuable, such as, how to know the cheapest taxis. Doubtless all of it is

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John G. Neihardt

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"I would sing as the Wind;
As the autumn Wind, big with rain and sad
with prenatal dread.
I would sing as the Storm;
As the Storm whipped by the lightning and
strong with the despair of giants.
I would sing as the Snow;
Wailing and hissing and writhing in the merciless grasp of the Blizzard.
I would sing as the Prairie;
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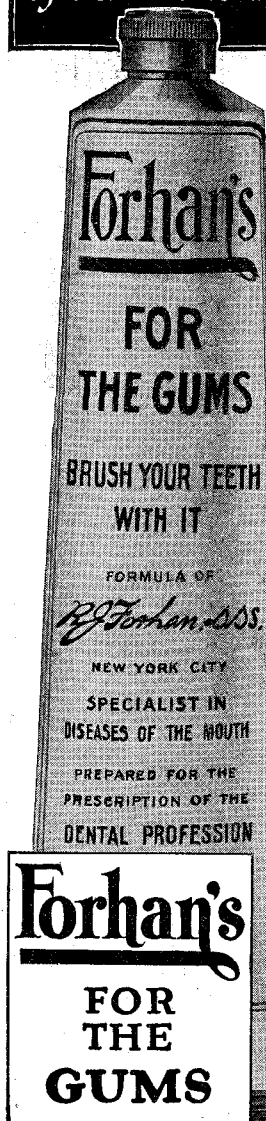
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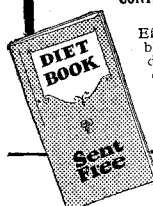
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Children's Books

THE SLY GIRAFFE. By Lee Wilson Dodd. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. \$2.

The leering, jeering Giraffe for which the book is named is one of the last mentioned and least important of a strange crowd of birds, beasts, and fishes that fly, flit, or swim not at all according to their lights through the pages of the book. There are whales that "snorkle"

and "groogle," and humming-birds that grow wilder every hour, and a "Crack Corps of Giant Squids" who, at command, "Present Tentacles! Uncurl Tentacles!" and "Shoot!" a dreadful volley of inedible India ink. Then there are the crowds of funny "Tooting Birds," living on the "Tooting Islands," who stand on one leg and toot in their dreams all through the night. They grow to be a great nuisance, and have to be tricked to the bottom of the sea, which is made so attractive a place that it is surprising that Pegeen and Flips, the children in the story, having once been there, ever want to leave. Probably the more curious of the children who read the book will not rest until they have gone exploring for a "Terrarium" on the bottoms of their own pet oceans. The charm of the book is at least doubled by the line drawings by Clarence Day.

Essays and Criticism

TRADITION AND JAZZ. By Fred Lewis Pattee. The Century Company, New York. \$2.

Professors, like parsons, are prone to be a little on the defensive in contact with the lay world. Mr. Pattee is a genial and open-minded fellow-citizen, but every page of this very readable book shows him as consciously a professor as Mr. Mencken is an anti-professor. He is never pompous or dull, and he is not more didactic than a critic who knows his mind should be. He has a pretty wit and a mellow humor to offer his miscellaneous audience. But he never quite forgets the cap and gown waiting him in the dressing-room hard by. His criticism of current life and letters is that of a liberally intentioned member of the older generation who is also a long-standing member of an indicted order—*criminalis academicus*. He admits the limitations of that order, and exults in the fact that even its enemies pay tribute to it: "Even Mencken, the captain of the troop that has led the attack upon the campus pundits and 'makers of horn-books for freshmen,' has admitted to his new 'American Mercury' five major articles by college professors each month." Well, this is keeping tabs.

We believe there is still a great unmenckened majority which cheerfully recognizes the human value of the college teacher, and which will read with pleasure these humane observations on life, literature, and the pursuit of happiness. We may not always follow Mr. Pattee's individual judgments—such as his contempt for Edgar Lee Masters and his enthusiasm for Eugene Field. But these pages as a whole are lighted with a charm unattainable by the unacademic

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Politics and Government

A GRAMMAR OF POLITICS. By Harold J. Laski. The Yale University Press, New Haven. \$6.

This is evidently the crown of the life-work of an eminent thinker and writer on economics and government. His previous works have been, in his own words, "mainly critical or intended to discuss somewhat technical issues in political philosophy." In this book he "attempts to outline the institutions which his researches have suggested as desirable."

Mr. Laski's talent for analysis and criticism is a very notable one—he has the sharpest of noses for defects in the existing order; but in bidding for recognition as creator, as authentic architect, of institutions, he bids too high. That is only to say that he may not be reckoned one of a very small group of men of supreme genius. On the other hand, the book abounds in ideas and suggestions that should be useful to the architect, of whom there is such crying need.

RACE OR NATION. By Gino Speranza. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$3.

According to Mr. Gino Speranza a real danger is threatening the American Nation, a danger which he has fully described in this book. Briefly put, his theory is this: American civilization is fundamentally Anglo-Saxon and Protestant "because upon it rests, historically and philosophically, the principle of self-government in all things, political, moral, and intellectual." He goes on to say that this does not mean that there is no room here for people of varying beliefs and views, but he does consider it a menace to this country when bodies of people, for religious, linguistic, or racial reasons, separate themselves from the rest of the community and endeavor to force their social and political ideas upon it. This is his objection to the Roman Catholic system, with its parochial schools and allegiance to the Vatican or its representatives. It is also his objection to such communities as persist in ignoring the English language and speak only in the tongues of their forebears. Of course, unlimited immigration is the source of this evil, and Mr. Speranza says that nothing in recorded history short of a race invasion has ever equaled it. It is impossible to do justice to this book in a short notice. There are chapters on our social life, a common language and a common school, and, unlike many critics, he has even a chapter on "Remedies." The book is thoughtful and suggestive and will commend itself to those who have the welfare of this country at heart.

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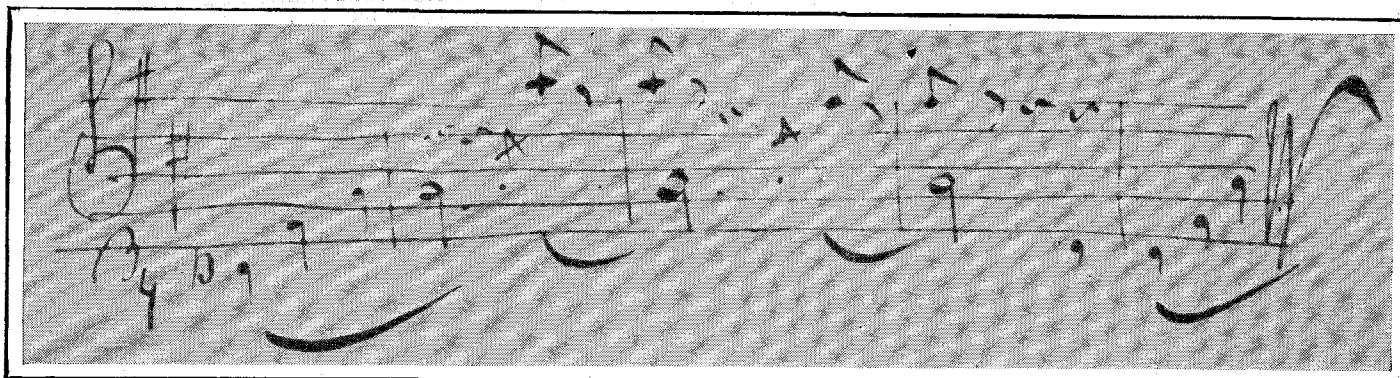
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The opening measures of the main theme of the "Blue Danube" waltz in the composer's autographed manuscript

The Strauss Centennial

By ERICH POSSELT

WHEN a child is born in the hamlets and villages along the banks of the "Blue Danube," a violin and a silver spoon are held up before its eyes as soon as it is safe in the cradle. If it reaches for the silver spoon, it is declared to be destined to become a merchant—or a thief; if it grabs for the violin, it is sure to develop into a musician. History does not definitely state that the child born to Herr Kapellmeister Johann Strauss at Vienna on October 25, 1825, reached for the violin; yet it is safe to assume that it did so with both tiny hands. This infant was destined to become one of the most famous musicians in the world, to be called the "waltz king" and to bewitch millions with his lilting rhythms.

From the first Herr Kapellmeister Strauss vowed that Johann, Jr., or "Schani," was not to become a fiddler, a "*Bratlgeiger*," as he derisively called his colleagues. He must become a business man; but Schani could scarcely escape the fate that time proved awaited him. Did he not share his very bedroom with the violin, the drum, the flute, the harp, and the viola? Was he not rocked to sleep to the strains of the waltzes and polkas, lancers and quadrilles, which his father turned out by the hundred, instructing his orchestra in the proper way to play them practically beside the infant's crib?

So it is not surprising that Schani began composing almost as soon as he could talk and before he knew one note from another. His mother took down his first waltz when he was six. It had its *première* on his fifteenth birthday, under the title "Erster Gedanke" ("First



Johann Strauss

Thought"), and proved to have considerable merit.

With the greatest reluctance, the elder Strauss allowed his boys to take piano lessons; but he would not hear of their learning the violin. Schani, however, coaxed his father's first violinist to teach him in secret. He also studied musical theory in secret from Joseph Drechsler, organist of St. Stephen's Cathedral, and a schoolmate instructed him on the organ

behind closed doors. To pay his teachers Schani gave lessons on the piano to two children.

Conditions in the Strauss home gradually changed for the worse. The Kapellmeister became enamored of a strange woman. In 1844 Frau Strauss withdrew, accompanied by Schani, who felt ready to unfold his musical wings. All Vienna was stirred with curiosity when an advertisement appeared in the "*Wiener Zeitung*," announcing that Johann, Jr., would make his *début* as the conductor of his own orchestra on October 15 of the same year at Dommayer's Casino, in the suburb of Hietzing. Some called the boy impudent for competing with his famous father; others praised him for his enterprise. By a strange prank of fate, the same page which carried his announcement also carried one of his father's.

After hearing the opening bars of his first waltz, "*Die Gunstwerber*," the crowd began to realize that the concert was no ordinary one. When his "*Sinn-gedicht*" had to be repeated eighteen times, it was evident to all that a new star had arisen on the musical horizon before which many others were to pale. The elder Strauss, discovering that his crown as waltz king was endangered, began turning out waltzes and polkas at a furious pace; but every dance that his son wrote seemed to weigh as much as a dozen of his in popular esteem. Finally, he gave up the struggle and offered Schani a partnership. When this was declined, he went abroad in an effort to win foreign laurels, returning to die in 1849.

Year by year the son's greatness spread, encircling the globe. Out of the

music of the "Blue Danube" alone—Strauss wrote the melody one night on a pair of detachable cuffs, and then threw them with the wash for Frau Strauss to rescue—his publisher made a fortune. For ten years he gave annual concerts in Petrograd; he was a frequent visitor to Paris, London, Berlin, and the other capitals of Europe. In 1876 he came to America and conducted at a mammoth concert held in Boston in honor of the hundredth anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. His compositions are numbered by the hundreds, and he could not recognize them all himself when he heard them played. Of his numerous operettas, "Fledermaus" is the most famous. What is it that makes his music enduring? The answer seems to be that his very soul was music and that—to use the words of a Viennese poet—"he threw his inmost heart into the world."

Johann Strauss is Vienna. There is something in the Viennese air, in the winds that sweep down from the heights of the Kahlenberg and the Kobenzl, that makes one gay and care-free. Small wonder that the composer, artistically the quintessence of this spirit, was care-free and childlike in his love of fun. Occasionally the sentimentality that is also part of the Viennese character got the upper hand. Once he studied painting for six months, so that he would have something to fall back upon "when the spring of my melodies is exhausted," as he put it. But, as a rule, he was smiling; his hat sat at a rakish angle on his locks; he was ready for witty repartee. He loved his "Tarock," a Viennese card game; he loved his "Heurigen," the young wine grown near Vienna; loved his "Gemuetlichkeit" and his "Suesse Maedel."

His good looks, his prominence as an artist, and his temperament predestined him, not only to be a great lover, but also greatly beloved. Reserl, a sweetheart of his boyhood days, is the first the Viennese recall. Time and again he evaded marriage with her. During one of his concert seasons at Petrograd he became the piano teacher of a pretty Russian girl, who fell in love with him. Her father insisted that he marry her. He called upon the Austrian Embassy for help. From the very steps of the altar he was summoned to the Embassy building, arrested, and kept in confinement until he could be smuggled across the border.

But Russia was to get even. On another Petrograd concert trip he fell in love with a Russian girl, a member of the nobility, who had for months been send-



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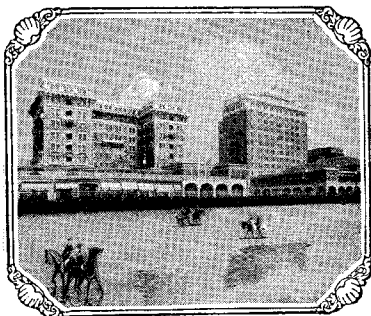
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ing him flowers under the name of "La Inconnu" ("the Unknown"). This time Strauss was the one who thought of marriage, but the girl's parents laughed at him. Later, when word reached him in Vienna that they had forced her to become engaged to a man of their choice, Strauss in desperation threw himself at the feet of Henrietta Treffz, an opera singer of mature years, and married her in spite of his mother's protests. The marriage was not a happy one. Henrietta died in 1878.

So *liebesbeduerftig* had Strauss become that he soon rushed into another marriage; this time with a very much younger and highly sophisticated girl, also an opera singer, from Cologne. After a few weeks she ran away with a theater director; but the composer's heart was only fractured, not broken. He met a widow, Adèle Strauss, and changed both his religion and his citizenship in order to marry her. Under the Austrian law and the rules of the Roman Catholic Church, he could not have remarried in the lifetime of his run-away

bride, whom he had divorced. This marriage brought him the bliss he had long sought.

On June 3, 1899, a concert in honor of the elder Strauss was in progress at the Volksgarten, Vienna. Gayly, the sweet old-fashioned tunes danced through the hall, when suddenly the conductor dropped his baton in the middle of a dainty minuet. A pause, and he turned and announced that Johann Strauss, the younger, had breathed his last. While women sobbed and men furtively wiped the tears from their cheeks, the band struck up the "Blue Danube"—softly, ever so softly—a fitting requiem for the greatest of them all, Johann Strauss, the waltz king.

We who treasure the memory of the beloved vagabond and musician see him before the mind's eye as he stands in this very Volksgarten, hewn out of bronze and marble, fiddle pressed under his chin, his bow raised as if ready to strike a haunting tune, a smile on his handsome face, every inch a true king, every inch a great lover, an artist, and—a Viennese.

Rolls and Discs

By LAWRENCE JACOB ABBOTT

IS it within the compass of a book reviewer to discuss new methods of printing to make reading easier? Or for an art critic to pass on newly discovered pigments that will undoubtedly influence the technique of painting? Well, we can drop the attempt at analogy—for surely nobody will accuse us of base commercial motives if we turn aside long enough from phonograph records themselves to mention a new type of talking-machine, put on the market this month, which is sure to affect phonograph records greatly in the future. It is a product of the Victor Talking-Machine Company, and is called the Orthophonic Victrola. "Orthophonic," as you can guess, means "true in sound." The new machine is designed to eliminate the distortion of sound found in the old instruments and to do away with foreign vibrations and "phonograph noises."

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Of course the Orthophonic Victrola is not perfection. The piano tone, though improved, is still faulty. The noise of the sound box, under the stress of too great a volume of sound, is still to be heard. But nevertheless it is a miraculous improvement. A new Brunswick machine is forthcoming also, but we were unable to hear it or secure any information about it.

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TRIO IN A MINOR, OPUS 114 (Brahms). Played by W. H. Squire, 'cello; H. P. Draper, clarinet; Sir Hamilton Harty, piano. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

Brahms is here recorded in one of his more forbidding moments. The trio is a masterful piece of work—finely and carefully wrought—yet not as light and spontaneous as Brahms so often can be. But the piece is far from falling into mediocrity. It wears better after several hearings. And, in spite of the intellectual character of the music, there is a romantic quality in the combination of instruments selected by Brahms which gives it added beauty.

QUINTET IN A MAJOR—FORELLEN QUINTET (Schubert). Played by James Levey, violin; H. Waldo-Warner, viola; C. Warwick Evans, 'cello; Claud Hobday, double bass; Ethel Hobday, piano. In nine parts, on five records. Columbia.

Schubert's quintet was based on an earlier song of his, "Die Forelle." It is rapid in movement, gracious, and continuous in its flow of melody. And, though long-drawn-out and not always inspiring, it is completely tuneful. We enjoyed particularly one theme in the last movement harmonized with the richness of a colored quartette.

LE BOURGEOIS GENTILHOMME—SUITE (Strauss). Played by the Hallé Orchestra conducted by Sir Hamilton Harty. In six parts, on three records. Columbia.

The delicate treatment of the orchestra in this incidental music to Molière's comedy does not tally with the popular conception of Strauss, writer of overpowering tone poems. Light, cheerful tunes are the order of the day. The minuet after Lully is superb. The slim little orchestra plays it almost as a harpsichord would, with true devotion to the spirit of the eighteenth century.

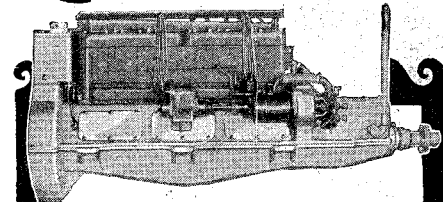
VARIATIONS IN C MINOR (Beethoven). Played by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Victor.

Masculine music, showing the variety as well as the breadth of Beethoven's style. From the treatment of these variations, Beethoven evidently thought in terms of the orchestra even when writing for the piano. Rachmaninoff plays them with vigor and a sense of the dramatic.

MARCHE SLAVE (Tchaikovsky). Played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Leopold Stokowski. Victor.

Having as its background the pulsating rhythm of the double basses, Tchaikovsky's march forges onward with majesty and power. It is not heavy, however. Massive, and tinged with Russian gloom, it is true; but it flows on in a "listenable" way with hearty rhythms and dramatic effects. This is a good piece for "showing off" the new orthophonic reproduction of the double basses. Perhaps it is shown off a little too well,

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for we have the feeling that the lower
parts in the orchestra overbalance the
rest of it. Of course, this may be a
pardonable burst of pride!

ALOHA OE (Queen Liliuokalani-Kreisler); **FROM
THE LAND OF THE SKY-BLUE WATER**
(Cadman-Kreisler). Played by Fritz Kreisler.
Victor.

"Aloha Oe" is a sentimental strain
fitted more for the Hawaiian steel guitar
than Kreisler's Strad. Its companion
piece, with its pseudo-Indian melody, is
far more charming. Kreisler's arrange-
ment abounds in double-stopped pas-
sages and harmonics of fleeting delicacy,
and low tones as rich as a viola.

Piano Rolls

**LA CATHEDRALE ENGLOUTIE—The Engulfed
Cathedral** (Debussy). Played by Myra Hess.
Duo-Art.

Debussy's imagery is well represented
by this prelude, which has been skillfully
interpreted by Myra Hess. Starting with
soft, mystic, blurred tones, it increases in
breadth and volume until it reaches a
climax of heavy, crashing chords. It is
noble and majestic, with an organ-like
fullness.

PRELUDE AND FUGUE IN A MINOR (Bach-
Liszt). Played by E. Robert Schmitz. Am-
pico.

CHACONNE (Bach-Busoni). Played by Ferruccio
Busoni. Duo-Art.

Mr. Schmitz gives us a masterly and
sure performance of Bach at his finest.
The prelude alone reveals the powerful
intensity of a fugue. The fugue itself
runs with incessant pace up to a close
with a wonderful breath-taking climax.

An equally interesting Bach recording
is Busoni's piano transcription of Bach's
violin "Chaconne," reviewed last month
in its arrangement for viola. It is a
happy transcription. Here is Bach un-
fettered by the limitations of a four-
stringed instrument. The piano gives it
a power it could not attain otherwise.

SONATA IN C-SHARP MINOR, "MOONLIGHT"
(Beethoven). Played by Ignace J. Paderewski.
Duo-Art.

The calm and beautiful dignity of the
first movement, the breathless lightness
of the second, and the agitated power in
the onrushing "presto"—all are wonder-
fully interpreted by Paderewski in his
performance of the famous "Moonlight"
Sonata. It is an unusually worthy re-
cording.

SPOON RIVER, AMERICAN FOLK DANCE (Ar-
ranged by Grainger). Played by Stuart Ross.
Ampico.

Although just a "light" piece of com-
position, this Grainger setting can stand
many a repetition. It is full of nervous
virility, interesting harmonic sequences,
and momentum of rhythm.

By the Way

THE autographed original of the fol-
lowing literary gem is posted on
the door of a cabin located near Isabel
Glacier, Colorado, at an altitude of ten
thousand feet.

NOTIS.

Trespasser will be persekuted to the
full extent of two mungrel dogs which
aint never ben overly soshibil to
strangers & one dubbel barl shotgun
which aint loaded with no sofy pillers
dam if I aint tire of this helraisin on
my property.

(Signed) EDDIE ANDERSEN.

Percy: "Just think, those ruins are
2,000 years old."

Bill: "Aw gwan, it's only 1925 now."

From the "Fishing Gazette:"

"Well, dad, I just ran up to say
'hallo!'"

"Too late, son. Your mother just ran
up to say 'good-by' and got all the
change."

A schoolboy, asked to tell the story of
Daniel and the lions, did so in this fash-
ion:

"Well, Daniel and the King got along
pretty well till one day the King he got
sore about something, and had his men
chuck Daniel into a den of lions. After
a day or two, the King he went 'round
to see how Daniel was gettin' on, and he
stood up on the edge and shouted down:

"'Oh, Daniel! How yer gettin' on?'"

"Daniel come and looked up, and he
says:

"'Pretty fair, pretty fair. But say,
King, this place is jest *crawlin'* with
lions!'"

"'Is that so?' says the King. 'Well,
Daniel, all I can say is that yer must
have brought 'em in with yer!'"

From "Punch:"

Scotch Golfer—"Ae ye guid at findin'
ba's?"

Caddie—"Ay!"

Golfer—"Then find me one noo, and
we'll start."

A riddle. The answer is to be found
in the Bible:

We twain raised our lofty heads
O'er prophet, priest, and king.
Around us thronged the worshipers
Who hymns of praise did sing.

Yet naught we saw of festal rite.

We heard no sacred song,
Though vast the throng, above, below,
With shouts both loud and long.

They saw their foe, who saw them not,
While we, who saw not him,
Helped him to overwhelm his foes
And bring destruction grim.

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